





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



LEILA;
OR,
THE ISLAND.





LEILA; OR, THE ISLAND.



Boston:
Crosby and Nichols.



LEILA;

OR,

THE ISLAND.

BY

ANN FRASER TYTLER

AUTHOR OF "LEILA IN ENGLAND," "LEILA AT HOME," ETC.

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY ORR, FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.



BOSTON:
CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1933,

By C. S. FRANCIS & Co.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York.

PZ 6
T99 l

LEILA.

CHAPTER I.

THE sea still bore traces of a recent storm, a heavy surge beat upon the shore, and around a bold promontory which jutted far out into the ocean, the waves dashed, wildly throwing their white foam far up into the blue sky. But the wind was hushed, and amidst the dark masses of luxuriant foliage which at intervals overhung the cliff, scarce a leaf was stirring. Softly swelling hills and smiling valleys lay beneath the light of a brilliant sun. Of human habitation or woodland pathway there appeared none; and, far as the eye could reach, one solitary group alone was discernible upon the beach. It consisted of one who had passed the bloom of youth, but in whose noble turn of features and fine form high birth was apparent; an elderly

1*

484168
LIBRARY

female in the dress of an attendant stood by his side, and both were bending anxiously over the apparently lifeless body of a beautiful child. Hours had passed away in their unwearied efforts to reanimate the object of their anxious care; but hitherto all had proved vain, and the deepest despondency was apparent in the father's face, for such he was. A brown water-spaniel, which lay beside them, completed this melancholy group, and seemed no uninterested spectator of the scene. It crept closer and closer to the object of their solicitude, as if anxious to impart to it a portion of its own life and warmth, and with eyes fixed on the pale features of the child, uttered from time to time a low melancholy whine.

“Dash, my faithful friend, you have perilled your life in vain. Leila, my child, my child! O that I too had perished! forgive me, heavenly Father! O teach me to say, ‘Thy will be done!’” Then stooping down and throwing back the auburn ringlets which shaded the sweet face of the child, he imprinted a fond kiss on its pale lips; but starting up suddenly he exclaimed, “Raise the head a little more—gently, gently, nurse—that will do. There was a faint movement, I am sure there was.” Mr. Howard continued to breathe



into the lungs, the efforts of both were renewed, and after a considerable interval they were successful. With a deep-drawn sigh Leila opened her eyes, and gazing earnestly on her father, exclaimed, "Where am I, papa? —O save me, save me!"

"You are safe, my child, you are with your papa and with nurse; your heavenly Father has saved you, and here is your brave Dash, whom God has made the instrument of our safety. Yes, without your efforts, my faithful friend, never would this frail raft have reached the shore." The dog looked up in his master's face, and fawning alternately upon him and Leila, seemed to partake the general joy.

"Now, nurse," exclaimed Mr. Howard, when after a considerable interval a faint tinge of colour showed itself on Leila's cheek—"now do you watch my darling while I go for water from that blessed spring. See," he continued, pointing to a small clear rill that fell over the neighbouring rock, "I shall not have far to go—a few drops of wine will revive her; how grateful should we be that the chests too are saved, for I suspect we are on an uninhabited island."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the nurse, "what will become of us?"

“Is this the moment,” Mr. Howard mildly answered, “to doubt a Father’s care? Has he not brought water out of the stony rock; can he not also spread for us a table in the wilderness?”

Leila seemed greatly revived by the refreshing draught; so much so, that Mr. Howard, raising her in his arms and followed by nurse, proceeded to ascend the cliff with a view of finding shade from the oppressive heat of the noonday sun, and also in the hope of discovering, amidst a chain of low rocks which in one part overhung the beach, some friendly cave where they might find shelter for the night. For a while the search was vain, but having seated nurse under the shade of a lofty tree, and placed Leila in her arms, he walked cautiously forward. The rocks in this part rising almost perpendicular, formed, as it were, a wall facing the sea, leaving a narrow path or terrace which immediately overhung the cliff; he had nearly gained the end of this chain, without discovering even a hollow which might afford temporary shelter, when suddenly a bird flew out from an aperture in a rock above his head. With some difficulty he raised himself to the height of the opening; it was greatly too small to admit any one, but by throwing in some fragments of loose stone,

he ascertained that there must be a deep hollow. To examine the opposite side of this portion of the rock, in the hope of finding an entrance to this hollow, became his immediate object; and hurrying on to the end of the chain, he doubled the point, and a scene of no ordinary beauty lay before him. A luxuriant valley, intersected by a clear rippling stream, stretched along at the foot of a wooded hill. Vines were clustering around many of the trees, and grapes, now in their prime, were hanging in rich clusters. The rocks on the opposite side fronting the island were partly covered with brushwood and a variety of creeping plants, and behind a branch of this underwood, which hung down upon the ground, Mr. Howard discovered an opening; it was not high enough to admit him without bending almost double; but having crawled for a little way on his hands and knees, the space became greatly enlarged, and he found himself, as far as he could judge from the almost total darkness which surrounded him, in a cavern of considerable extent. As no aperture in the rock was visible, this could not be the hollow he was in search of; but perceiving on one side a faint ray of light on the ground, he was guided by it to an opening, and having entered for a little way

through a narrow passage, he suddenly found himself in a spacious cavern with a high vaulted roof; the rays of a bright sun, darting through the aperture, struck upon the sides of this cavern, which reflected a variety of brilliant colours, and the floor was covered with a small sparkling gravel, which seemed perfectly free from moisture or damp of any kind. With a heart overflowing with gratitude for the blessings which had followed his preservation, he now hastened back to where he had left his child. As she still continued in a state of extreme languor, he thought it advisable to remove her at once into the inner cavern, and there, with the nurse's assistance, to make her such a bed as the circumstances of the place admitted of.

And now, my young friends, as I know you like very particular descriptions, I will not only tell you how Leila's little bed was prepared, but mention every other minute circumstance with regard to her which I think likely to interest you; but first I must go back a little way in my story. In that fearful storm which had raged for three entire days, the ship in which Leila and her papa were proceeding to England, was driven far out of its destined course, and when, after losing their mainmast, the vessel struck against a hidden rock, the danger seemed so

imminent, that the crew and the other passengers, regardless of the darkness and the raging sea, with rash impetuosity betook themselves to the long-boat: but Mr. Howard, considering preservation by this means almost impossible, resolved to remain on board, in the hope that the wind might moderate, and the dawn which was about to break enable him to make some further efforts for their preservation. Unconscious of the extent of injury the ship might have sustained, he bent all the energies of his strong mind to meet the dangers of their situation. By tying several planks of wood together he formed a raft, and hastily collecting some articles of food and clothing in two chests of considerable size, he secured them firmly upon the raft, and, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "longed for day." The wind had now considerably abated, and, before another hour had elapsed, had completely fallen; and as the morning broke, it was with emotions of the deepest thankfulness that he discovered that they were within a very short distance of an island, which lay to the south-west, and that the wind, which was now no more than a gentle breeze, was setting in directly for the shore. Fearful that the turn of the tide might lift the ship from the rock, and that they might be driven further from the island, he felt that no

time must be lost in attempting to gain the land. The small boat had been detached from the ship by the violence of the storm, and to the raft he found he must commit his treasure; but Leila, although but just entered her eighth year, had already been accustomed to lift up her young heart to Him who can still the raging of the storm, and say to the angry waves be still, and she submitted without a murmur to all her father told her was necessary to be done. A couple of *rosaos*, or silk quilts, on which they slept, being spread upon the raft, the nurse and Leila, wrapped in boat-cloaks, were firmly bound down to it with the rest of the bed-clothes; and Mr. Howard having lashed himself to one of the chests by means of a rope round his waist, leaving his arms free, he committed himself and all most dear to him to the protecting care of Heaven. Long and fearful was the struggle. The gigantic waves, as they lifted the frail raft upon their swelling crests, swept over the wretched party, leaving but little hope of their escaping a watery grave; but still the raft rose buoyant to the surface, and the faithful Dash, who had leaped upon it, received into his mouth the end of a rope which his master threw to him, and jumping into the sea, assisted its direction to the land with almost more than human skill, so that, after a period of intense anxiety,

the father bore the body of his then inanimate child to a place of comparative safety.

And now, having landed our party upon the beach, let us return to Leila and her little bed. The warm sun having by this time dried the bed-clothes, and Mr. Howard having observed a species of long dry grass which grew at the foot of the rocks, he proceeded to gather a quantity of it, and having given part of it to nurse to prepare a couch for herself, he selected a corner in the cavern where the rock, from projecting out a little way, formed a sort of canopy overhead, and spreading the grass upon the ground, he laid the silk quilt upon it, and covering Leila with the rest of her bed-clothes, he knelt down by her bed-side, and in fervent prayer poured out the overflowings of his grateful heart for her merciful preservation. Earnestly did he pray that the being so miraculously preserved should be devoted to the service of Heaven, that, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, he should be enabled to bring her up in the beauty of holiness, and that either amidst a world of varied pleasures, (should she be restored to it again,) or in this solitary island, she might ever look forward to that heavenly home promised by a Saviour's love, and to those joys "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which

God hath prepared for those that love Him." The little girl was not able to repeat her usual prayers, but she seemed to listen to her papa; for as he concluded, and stooping down kissed her cheek and fondly blessed her, she looked up for a moment, and faintly smiling, she murmured, in a voice scarcely audible, "Thank God for saving dear papa too!" and closing her eyes, she seemed again to sleep. From the extreme languor of her pulse, Mr. Howard could not help still feeling very anxious about her, and thinking that he might now administer a little more nourishment with safety, he hastened down to the beach where he had left the chests; they were greatly too heavy to be removed till lightened of their contents, but having taken out a canister of arrow-root, a few biscuits, a bottle of wine, and a small canteen, he returned to the cavern. Short as his absence had been, it proved too much for the fortitude of poor nurse. The sun had gone down, and the declining light made Leila's pale countenance appear still paler. "For what is this dear child reserved?" she murmured to herself as she gazed earnestly upon her; "O what will become of her—what will become of all of us—shall we never see dear England again?" And as the idea of being murdered by savages, or devoured by wild beasts, rose to her imagination, she burst

into tears. But, on the return of her master, her courage seemed to revive somewhat, and the sight of the canteen appeared still further to refresh her spirits. "Well, if I am not a faint-hearted and ungrateful wretch," she whispered to herself as her eye fell upon it; "here is another especial blessing; we shall do all well now;" and the savages became civilized, and the wild beasts tame, and nurse was herself again. The preservation of the canteen in their present circumstances was certainly of no small importance. Perhaps some of my little friends do not understand the meaning of the word canteen; it is a box-fitted up with a variety of necessary articles for those who travel by sea or land. Mr. Howard's canteen contained a small tea-service of four cups and saucers, tea-pot, milk-pot, sugar-dish, and slop-basin; the same number of dinner-plates, glasses, tumblers, and knives and forks; there were, besides, four saucepans, a lamp, a bottle of spirits of wine, a tinder-box, and a ball of cotton-wick. Every thing was made to fit into each other so as to take up little room, and the contents of the whole went into a large brass vessel, with a cover which fitted close to the box. Can you wonder that nurse rejoiced over the possession of those most useful articles, and that she should dry her eyes and tuck up her sleeves, and long to

be at work again? Mr. Howard having struck a light and trimmed the lamp for her, she very soon prepared a sufficient quantity of arrow-root for the refreshment of the whole party. Leila partook but sparingly; she was too weak to sit up in bed, but her papa supported her in his arms, while nurse fed her; and after swallowing a few spoonfuls mixed with wine, she was laid to sleep for the night.

Although Mr. Howard did not allow himself to give way to despondency, he too had many anxious thoughts lest the island should prove to be inhabited by savages, or the resort of wild beasts, and he resolved to watch for the night, with Dash by his side, at the entrance of the cavern. As a further precaution, he collected a quantity of dry branches of wood together, and made a fire, which he kept up during the darkness. The air was balmy and refreshing, the moon rose without a cloud to obscure its silvery light, and in the profound solitude which surrounded him in the stillness of this first long night, with what deep solemnity and heartfelt gratitude did he raise his thoughts to that merciful Father whose protecting arm had snatched him and his dearest treasure from the jaws of death! True, he was suddenly cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-men, and the many unknown dangers by which he might still be

surrounded, at times pressed heavily upon him : but he felt the immediate presence of God in his state of desolation, and, assured of his pity and protecting care in his severest dispensations, he earnestly prayed that this trial might be blessed to him, in leading him more entirely to trust God alone.

2*

CHAPTER II.

THE night passed without alarm of any kind; and as the morning dawned, Mr. Howard, fatigued with watching, fell asleep. He awoke strengthened and invigorated, and found Leila standing by his side—no longer the pale Leila of the day before, but blooming as a rose, and sparkling with intelligence. Stretching his arms towards her, she clung round his neck, exclaiming, “Oh papa, how glad I am you are awake at last! Dash and I have been watching by you for a long, long time.”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Howard, “Dash has indeed watched faithfully; he has never left my side during the whole night.

“But Dash is a dog, papa, and I am a little girl;” and Leila’s dark hazel eyes were filling fast with tears. Mr. Howard kissed them away. “Yes, you are a little girl, and my own dear little girl; I did not mean, love, that you should have watched by me. No, both papa and Dash were glad to have their little Leila to watch by again. Kneel down, my love; and repeat your

morning prayers. God has been very merciful to you, my child; his protecting arm has guided you through the deep sea; he has now raised you up, after refreshing sleep, in health and safety—you have much, my Leila, to be grateful for."

Leila knelt at her father's side, while he, in addition to her usual prayers, dictated to her an earnest thanksgiving for her merciful deliverance.

"Now call nurse, my love," continued Mr. Howard, "and let us pray together." They all knelt, while he, in eloquent though simple language, gave thanks to God for their preservation. He finished by singing the morning hymn, and tears filled his eyes as an echo from the neighbouring rock prolonged the sounds of praise, and gave back to his ear the sweet youthful tones of Leila's voice.

Having finished their devotions, Mr. Howard, at Leila's earnest request, prepared to accompany her into the inner cave, where she wished him to breakfast with her.

"Do, papa, come into my new bed-room!" she exclaimed, "it is such a delightful one; I like it much better than the cabin, it is so large, and has such a curious window, but it has no tables, or chairs, or washhand stand; and when I awoke this morning, I could not think where I

was, and I called out, 'Nurse, nurse, where am I, and why is the ship not moving, and how curious the cabin has grown, and where is my washhand stand?' And then I remembered about the ship, and about your tying me on the raft. O papa, I was so frightened when you did that; I did pray to God a great deal, and I knew he would take care of me, and of you too, papa, and yet I was frightened. I hope God will not be displeased with me, for indeed I could not help it."

"No, my child, you have no reason to fear God's displeasure; he knew your weakness, Leila, and he gave you strength; without strength from Heaven, you could not have gone through such danger."

"Yes, papa, God was very good to take such care of us all, and bring us safe into this cave, and I will love him very much; but I hope he will not put us on the raft again, for I don't like it at all. I saw a great big wave coming, and I shut my eyes, and I don't remember any thing more after that till this morning, when I looked up, and saw no washhand stand."

"And were you very much grieved, Leila, at the loss of your washhand stand?"

"No, papa, I am not the least sorry; I like it much better, for nurse manages me so cleverly. Do you know, papa, how she managed?"

"No, indeed, love, I do not."

"Well, papa, you see this was what she did. You know I could not have been tidy or comfortable without being washed; so she wrapped me up in the pink silk quilt, and took me in her arms. Do you know now, papa?"

"Yes, I think I can guess."

"O no, papa, you are not to guess, I am to tell you. Well, you see—but are you listening?"

"Yes, my love, I am listening."

"Then don't look melancholy, dear papa, for it is a funny story. Now I will tell you—but where was I?"

"You were in a pink silk quilt, Leila, I think."

"Yes, so I was, papa; and now I am glad, for you are laughing again. Well, nurse took me in her arms, and carried me a little way into another room which had no window; and it was rather dark—no light but from the door; and it was not a right door either, only a hole in the rock, and nurse was too tall for it, and she had to scramble out on her hands and knees, which made me laugh very much; and when we got out, there you were sound asleep upon the grass, and your head leaning against the rock; and nurse said it was a hard pillow for poor papa, and I wanted to kiss you very much, but nurse said no, for it would disturb you. Dash lay beside

you, and when he saw me he jumped up, and seemed so happy; and he followed us a little bit, and then he turned and looked at you, and went back; and you know, papa, that is better; for Dash is so fond of the water he would have splashed us all, and made me wet."

"So you were to be kept dry, were you?"

"Well, papa is quite wrong,* for he was about to guess that his little girl had been bathed in that clear stream which I see at a distance, dimpling and sparkling in the sun."

"And you have guessed quite right, papa, and I was bathed; and I liked it so much: the water was not cold at all, and nurse found out a place which was quite smooth and not full like the sea; and I could see pebbles and sand at the bottom quite well, and a great many little fish were swimming about; but when I tried to catch them, they all scampered away: and when we were coming back, I saw a great many beautiful birds in the trees, and a great many cats were running up and down the branches; and sometimes they sat quite still, holding up their heads so well, much better than our cats do; and they had long feathery tails, which they curled up about their faces. Do you think I could teach my cat to hold up its head and curl up its tail in that way?"

"Indeed, my dear Leila, I fear your poor cat

by this time is not much in spirits to hold up its head and curl its tail. You know we could not bring away every thing with us; the poor cat was left in the ship: but those little animals you saw could not be cats, they probably were squirrels. And what more did you see, my love?"

"I saw grapes, papa, large bunches of grapes hanging from the trees, and they looked so good, but nurse did not stop to gather them: she said you would give me some, if you thought it right for me to have them. I think, papa, this is the most delightful place I ever was in in all my life. I like it much better than India; I should like to stay here always, better than to go to England. Will you stay, papa?"

Mr. Howard looked at his child, and sighed deeply. "Leila," he said, "listen to me. Do you remember me telling you stories about a desert island and Robinson Crusoe?"

"And his man Friday, papa? O yes, I do remember it; it was a delightful story."

"Well, my love, from all I have observed, I am convinced we have been cast upon a desert island."

"O, how glad I am!" Leila exclaimed joyfully; but seeing the melancholy expression of her papa's face, she suddenly stopped. "Why

are you sorry, papa? Do you not like to stay here?"

"My dear Leila, you know a desert island means a place without inhabitants, where there are no men or women. Would you like to remain here, alone, my love?"

"Not alone, papa—I should not be alone; I should have you and nurse with me; and," she continued, lowering her voice, "you know God is here also, and he will take care of us."

"Yes, dear Leila, you are right. God is here, and he is all-sufficient; he will give us all that is good for us. He has shown us even now that he is mighty to save; he has preserved us in a great danger, and has added other blessings: he has provided a shelter for us. This cave, Leila, which pleases you so much, is the work of his hands: he has guided us to find it, he has given us food for the present, and he will provide for the future. Let us trust to him entirely, and cheerfully submit to his will; he has placed us here, it must be for our good. Oh, with you, my child, and with this treasure," and he took from his breast a small pocket Bible, (his constant companion,) "have not I all that is most precious in life and death?"

While Leila and her papa were conversing together in this manner, nurse had not been idle: she had rekindled the fire, and prepared

some cocoa and arrow-root. "And now, sir," she said, "where will you be pleased to breakfast?"

"Why, here, nurse, I think. We shall have very pleasant shade under the rocks."

"O no, papa, not here, if you please," Leila exclaimed. "You know you promised to breakfast with me in my bed-room, and there is every thing nice there."

"Did I, my love? Well, be it so;" and, to Leila's no small delight and amusement, Mr. Howard began immediately to scramble into the cave, followed by nurse. Poor nurse found it no easy task to convey the cocoa and arrow-root in safety; but she did make it out at last.

"Our first task," observed Mr. Howard, "must be to endeavour to enlarge our entrance, for this is sad work. Papa is too stiff now to be able to creep in and out this way every time he enters his house. And now, Leila, that we have got into your bed-room, where every thing is so nice, where, if you please, is your breakfast-table for us, and your chairs?"

Leila looked rather puzzled for a moment, but brightening up, she exclaimed, "Now I know what to do; I have a contrivance. You shall sit upon my bed, papa, and the canteen will be your table—you like a little table, papa—a very little table, eh?"

“Yes, dear, I like a little table, and I like still more a little girl who exerts herself to make the best of things. We must all now have our contrivances, Leila, and endeavour to make every thing as comfortable about us as possible. Even a little girl of eight years old can be of great use, and you will from henceforth assist both papa and nurse in all that your strength is equal to. As soon as we have breakfasted, we will all go down to the beach together and unpack the chests. We shall then see what stores we have to trust to, and bring them up and arrange them.—Do you think you will be able to spare us a little corner of your bed-room for a store-closet?”

“O yes, papa; and may I keep the key?”

“Yes, my love, when we have a door and a lock on our closet, you shall keep the key. But where are those things to be found here, Leila? However, I have also a contrivance: when the chests are empty, we shall be able to remove them here. One of them will do for the store-closet at present, and they will also make very good seats for us to use till I am able to attempt making others.”

“But, papa, can you make chairs?”

“Why, not perhaps very well, Leila, for I have not practised of late; but when a little boy, I lived in the country, and used to be very fond

of looking at the carpenter at work, and assisting him; and my father encouraged me in this, and allowed a sufficient quantity of wood to be given to me to make a set of garden-chairs; although, probably, not very perfect, they were greatly admired by my two little sisters; and I also made a chair for each of them for the nursery, and a small table for our old nurse; and a very happy boy I was the first evening I saw her sit down to drink tea at this little table."

"How nice that was, papa! I like so much to hear what you did when you were a little boy. Will you tell me something more that you did?"

"Not now, my love: you have finished your basin of arrow-root, and we have breakfasted; so let us proceed to the beach and commence our work. Yes, Dash, my good fellow, you are wagging your tail, and preparing joyfully to follow us, though you have had a most miserable breakfast: but you shall have a better dinner, my friend, if I should go without it myself."

They accordingly proceeded to the beach, Dash keeping close to Leila's side, as if afraid that her papa's arm was not sufficient protection along the narrow pathway that overhung the cliff. On reaching the beach, Mr. Howard observed that the ship lay in exactly the same

position, and many a longing eye did he cast towards it; the distance was not great, and how much did it contain which it would now be of the last importance for them to possess! His anxiety to reach the wreck greatly increased on examining the contents of the chests, for the stock both of provisions and clothes was extremely scanty—in fact, it had been impossible to carry much upon the raft, and in many necessary articles they were totally deficient. Mr. Howard felt how necessary it was that he should possess a musket and gunpowder, both as a defence against any danger which might threaten them, and as a means also of providing for their future wants when their provisions should fail. Carpenters' tools, also, were requisite to enable him to improve their habitation, and to give them many little comforts which, he felt assured, with the assistance of these, he could procure them. Of books and writing materials they had none; and what a resource would the possession of them prove in their state of banishment! But to leave Leila, even for an hour, to brave a second time a danger which might separate him from her for ever—it was not to be thought of; and giving one long look across the expanse of waters to where the vessel lay, he sighed deeply; then turning towards his child, he clasped her in his arms, and pressed

ner to his heart. But in the next moment he again felt uncertain if he were acting right. Was he entitled, from the dread of an uncertain danger, to neglect those means for improving their condition which Heaven seemed still to detain within his reach? He remembered, also, that a small medicine-chest which he had put aside with the other things, had, in the haste of departure, been left behind. He pictured to himself Leila sick and ill, and deprived of those remedies which might bring relief, and he no longer hesitated—he would go; and turning to his child, he said, “Leila, I must leave you, but only for a short time, love.”

“O do not leave me—do not leave me, dear papa!” she exclaimed, and she clung to his knees and trembled violently.

Mr. Howard saw that his little girl’s spirits had been much weakened by the trying scenes she had been exposed to. In general, she had great command over herself for one so young. Deprived in early infancy of a mother’s care, she had been his sole interest. She was a child of naturally quick temper and strong sensibility; but he had taken infinite pains to teach her to subdue her feelings; and, in general, his slightest wish was to her a law.

“Leila,” said he, “you are forgetting yourself; be composed, my love; put your trust in

God, he will watch over my safety, and restore me to you again; he has placed us here, Leila, and we cannot know for how long or how short a time; and I am anxious to reach the ship, that I may bring back more provisions, and many things that will be of use to us."

"But, papa, you said that God would provide for us: should we not trust in him?"

"Yes, my love, in all things we should trust in God; but in putting our confidence in him, we must not neglect the means he has put within our power—we must not wait in slothful idleness, that he may supply our wants; we must work and do all we can, and he will bless our endeavours. He is providing for us now, Leila, by stilling the winds and waves, and keeping the ship fixed upon the rocks, where I can yet reach it. Were the wind to rise again, the ship most probably would be driven to pieces, and every thing in it will be cast into the sea. I must not lose time: see how still and quiet the waters are!"

"Then take me with you, dear papa; I should like to go."

"What, Leila! would you venture again upon the raft?"

Leila shuddered and turned very pale, but, struggling with her feelings, she said, "Yea papa, with you I will go."

“My love, I know you would go, were it necessary ; but it is not necessary ; on the contrary, were you with me, anxiety for your safety would occupy too much of my attention, and prevent me from thinking of many things which I might bring back with me, and which will greatly increase our comfort. No, you will remain with nurse ; but do not quit the beach ; I shall then be able to keep you in view almost the whole time. Employ yourself, my love, by assisting nurse to unpack your clothes from the chests—that will prevent you tiring.”

Leila offered no further remonstrance, but silently moving towards the raft, she began to assist her papa in adjusting the ropes. Mr. Howard unbound an oar which he had lashed to the side, from the idea that it might be useful at a future time, and pushed the raft down to the water's edge. “This oar,” he said, “will do me good service ; and Dash shall remain to watch by nurse and my little Leila.” He lifted her in his arms as he spoke, and carrying her a short distance, he seated her on the beach. “Down, Dash, down ! by Leila's side.” The dog instantly obeyed ; then bending over his child, he embraced her fondly, and hurrying from her, he leaped lightly upon the raft, and pushed from the shore.

Leila sprang to her feet, and flew towards

the water's edge, but suddenly stopping, she dropped upon her knees, and throwing up her arms to heaven, and clasping her little hands, she exclaimed, "O God! listen to Leila's prayer—let there be no winds in the sky, let there be no waves in the sea—send back papa to Leila—O send him back!"

Dash looked wistfully at the child, then pursued the raft with his eyes, as if to ascertain who most required his aid, when, plunging suddenly into the water, he stood, the next moment, by his master's side. Mr. Howard saw that opposition was vain; and, "To the ship, Dash—to the ship, my good fellow!" were the last words which were wafted to Leila's ear, as Mr. Howard threw the rope to the faithful animal, who caught it in his mouth, and, leaping into the sea, swiftly pursued his way through the unruffled deep.

CHAPTER III.

LEILA stood for some moments immoveable; then drying her eyes, and turning to nurse, she said, "Now let us count my clothes."

Nurse was too glad to have her dear child employed, but was considerably distressed to find how soon Miss Leila's clothes were counted: her wardrobe was indeed sadly deficient. "And not a stocking to put upon your dear little feet!" she exclaimed in dismay; "O, to think your papa should have forgotten your stockings, of all things in the world! What will become of you in the cold weather? And here are only your very oldest frocks; and your pink gingham, and your beautiful blue, the very last frocks which were sent you from England, not here."

"Never mind, nurse, about my stockings," Leila answered; "perhaps it will never be cold here: you know papa said that in other places in India it was not nearly so cold as where we were; and my old frocks will do very well—perhaps papa's friends will not come often to

dinner here. But I wish papa would bring back my cat with him. Do you think he will remember? I should like him to bring my cat much better than my stockings—would you?”

Nurse was a perfectly truthful person, and she found this rather a difficult question to answer. She was not particularly fond of cats; and as she had worked all Leila's stockings herself, she had a sort of motherly interest in them, they seemed as if a part of Leila's self. “Indeed, my dear Miss Leila,” she said, “as to your stockings, you know there would be no replacing them here; for where am I to get cotton and fine wires to work your stockings in a desert island? And as to your cat, poor thing! I am sorry for the creature; but indeed we shall have enough of mouths to fill here without cats. There is Dash, poor fellow! who has been so useful to us, he will often be ill enough off, I fear.”

“But, nurse, papa is to give half his dinner to Dash, and I will give half mine to my cat, and my breakfast also. And you know papa said, when we went to England, I should have a nice little girl to play with—my cousin Selina. You know, nurse, I never saw a little cousin, and I wished so much to see one; but now we are not going to England, so I should

like my cat to play with instead of my cousin Selina."

Nurse was too fond of her little charge to oppose her wishes farther; besides, being a person of a sanguine disposition, she took a more enlarged view of the subject, and felt assured that Mr. Howard would remember to bring back both the cat and the stockings; and that the cat would show a reasonable discretion, and not take Leila at her word.

Having finished their employments, they advanced again to the water's edge, to watch the return of the raft. They soon observed it advancing rapidly; Mr. Howard stood erect upon it, waving something in his hand—it was Leila's guitar. In a few minutes more she was in his arms, and covering his cheeks with kisses, "My dear, dear papa," she exclaimed, "I am so happy you are come back to me again; and how good in you to bring my guitar!"

"Yes, Leila, I saw it lying in your cabin, and I could not resist bringing it; but I have been obliged to leave much behind, my love. I must go back to the ship—yes, it is quite necessary I should go back. By the time I had arranged an additional supply of provisions, of clothes, and the chest of carpenters' tools, I found the raft sufficiently loaded; I must now return for the books, and some other articles"

“Then, sir, will you be pleased to remember Miss Leila’s stockings,” observed nurse.

Mr. Howard relieved her anxiety by assuring her that they had already been remembered.

“And please, papa, bring my cat when you come again; for I am to play with her instead of my cousin Selina—you know we are not going to England now.”

“Dear innocent child!” exclaimed Mr. Howard, “yours is indeed a happy age. Come here, Dash!” he said, as he advanced towards the raft, and lifted up a small covered basket; “carry that to Leila, but take great care, my good fellow, of your precious burthen—take care of cousin Selina.”

Dash placed the basket at Leila’s feet; she opened it, and her cat sprang into her arms. The meeting between the real Selina and Leila could not have been more affectionate; she was overjoyed to see her favourite again. Dash did not quite enjoy the tenderness she lavished on cousin Selina, (as we must now call her,) yet in general they were excellent friends; indeed, she took strange liberties with him—brushing up against him with her side, or sneezing in his face when he seemed inclined for sleep, and frequently leaping on his back and playing with his ears.

Mr. Howard, meanwhile, having unloaded the raft, pushed again from the shore, to commence his second voyage; but the wind was no longer favourable, and had considerably increased, and the sea now presented an unsettled and somewhat gloomy aspect. Nurse called loudly after her master, to entreat his return; but Mr. Howard, although conscious that it would be more prudent to do so, felt most unwilling to resign his books, which, next to his child, were his greatest treasure; and he was standing up eagerly examining the appearance of the sky, when a sudden gust of wind had nearly precipitated him into the sea. Leila screamed, and exclaimed, "O, papa! do not go; you will be blown into the sea—you will be drowned. Dash, Dash! come back! come back!"

Dash, who had no inward struggles of a literary nature to warp his judgment, seemed to consider that it were better that all the books in the kingdom were at the bottom of the sea, than that his master's life should be risked, or Miss Leila's orders disobeyed; and turning quickly round, still holding fast the rope which was attached to the raft, he pushed boldly for the shore. Mr. Howard yielded without further struggle to Dash's superior judgment in this matter; indeed, he was thankful that the point had been thus settled for him: and Leila re-

ceived the sagacious animal, all dripping wet as he was, in her arms.

“O Miss Leila,” nurse exclaimed in dismay, “your clean frock! and here, too, where you have so few to change.”

But Leila was quite indifferent as to the wet frock, so grateful was she to Dash for bringing her papa back to her again.

“Now,” observed Mr. Howard, “we must make haste to remove those things you have unpacked up to the cavern, for I suspect that before evening we shall have a complete change of weather. Let us tie up the clothes in parcels, and then Dash will be an able assistant, for he can go and return in shorter time than we can.”

Dash was perfectly accustomed to fetch and carry, and had long been considered a most useful member of the family: if any thing were missing, you had only to show him a similar article, and pronounce the word “seek,” and he would hunt for it with unwearied diligence all over the place. With Mr. Howard it was alleged he had obtained rather undue influence; for it had happened more than once, that when the good old nurse’s remonstrances to induce Mr. Howard to leave his books, and take necessary exercise, had failed, Dash’s superior eloquence and active exertions had succeeded. On those occasions he would hunt about the room

for his gloves, and lay them before him; then run for his hat, and stand wagging his tail, and looking up in his master's face, till Mr. Howard was forced to remember that the walking hour was come, and to shut the volume before him, however interesting it might be. Dash was clearly of opinion that exercise was absolutely necessary, both for dog and man—and he had been nearly the death of a little puppy which Mr. Howard was bringing up with great care, by inducing the little creature to accompany him in rambles far beyond its strength. He had been in the habit of disappearing every morning after breakfast with this little pup, and remaining mysteriously absent for hours; and Mr. Howard finding that all remonstrance with Dash on the subject was vain, and that he would give no explanation of his conduct, attached a chain about the puppy's neck, with a heavy log at the end of it, so as to prevent it running any length of way; but what was his astonishment, when seated in the verandah, next morning after breakfast, to see Dash, at the accustomed hour, stealing round the house, carrying the heavy log in his mouth, and the little puppy trotting merrily by his side. But Dash is occupying too much of our attention; let us now return to the other members of our party.

Having loaded themselves with as much as

they were able to carry, they proceeded towards the cavern. Leila carried the basket with the cat—Selina, much against her inclination, being obliged to take up her abode in it again. Nurse had also her basket of live stock to take charge of. Mr. Howard having presented her with a magnificent cock and four beautiful white hens, which he had brought from the ship, as a most useful addition to their other stores. He had also carried away all the dead poultry he found in the larder, so that for that day, at least, they had the prospect of a luxury they might not soon partake of again: but, even during their walk to the cavern, Mr. Howard had the comfortable assurance that the island was by no means deficient in the means of supplying their future wants: he had observed, at a distance amongst the rocks, several goats feeding, with their kids by their side: Leila had assured him that the stream abounded with fish: they had passed a great many cocoa-trees, and limes, and oranges also: and from many of them the vines hung in rich luxuriance, bearing large clusters of ripe grapes. They had tasted of the grapes as they passed along, and found them delicious, and Mr. Howard resolved that one of his first employments should be to gather a quantity of them, and hang them up in the sun to dry. It was fortunate for him that so much employment

pressed upon him as to leave little time for the indulgence of melancholy thoughts, for the doubtful fate of those with whom he had so lately associated hung heavy on his spirits. There were not, however, amongst them any to whom he was particularly attached; for on reaching Calcutta, from a distant station far up the country, Leila had been seized with a dangerous illness, and he had been obliged to secure an immediate passage in a merchant's ship as a means of preserving her precious life, the physicians having prescribed a sea voyage as affording the best hope of her recovery. There were few other passengers, and not many of them such as he was much inclined to associate with; but still they were his fellow-men, and he felt deep anxiety for them.

As the wind had again moderated in some degree, they were able, in the course of the forenoon, to remove a great part of the things from the beach; but as exercise had rendered them more than usually hungry, Mr. Howard thought it advisable to defer the completion of this work till next day, and to give nurse what assistance he could in providing her the means of preparing a dinner for them. There was still too much wind to allow the fire to burn steadily in the open air; and while nurse and Leila were busily employed in collecting firewood, Mr.

Howard, having previously found the necessary tools in the carpenter's box, was able to make a very tolerable vent for the smoke in the outer cavern, by striking out a hole in the rock above; he found both this and enlarging the entrance, which he then commenced, an easier task than he had anticipated, from the rock proving of a sandy substance, and easily worked; but before he had completed his labours, he was called to dinner by Leila, who had been indeed a busy little woman, and who was now most impatient that he should partake of the produce of her work.

CHAPTER IV.

“DO come to dinner, papa,” Leila exclaimed; “do come quick, or it will be cold, for nurse says there are no silver covers in the wilderness. And do you know what I was going to say, papa? I was going to say, ‘If you please, dinner is on the table,’ and lo and behold there is no table!—that was a mistake indeed; but come and see, papa, if you think I have managed well.”

Leila had spread a table-cloth on the ground in the inner cavern; the useful canteen she had placed as a seat for her papa, and her own seat was composed of a parcel of her own clothes. At the top of the table, or rather table-cloth, was a magnificent plate of grapes which she had gathered herself, and dressed up with green leaves and wild flowers. The bottom dish, if not quite so elegant, was rather more substantial: nurse had contrived to stew a fowl with rice, in a manner which reflected the highest credit on her; and never was a dinner partaken of with more grateful hearts or better appetite.

Mr. Howard could not, however, prevail upon nurse to sit down. It had been both her duty and her pleasure, she said, to wait upon him for many a long year, and please Heaven, she would do so still ; so taking the water-bottle in her hand, she left the cavern, and returned with water clear as crystal, into which she squeezed a couple of limes, and made for them a refreshing and most excellent sherbet.

Dash and Selina were not quite so modest as nurse ; appearing to consider themselves as members of the party, they took their seats one on each side of Leila, who stood opposite her papa ; in other respects, however, they were perfectly well bred, asking for nothing till helped by her.

Soon after they had dined, Mr. Howard returned to his work, and Leila watched the progress of it with impatience, for she had set her heart on having a long talk with her papa. Nothing delighted her so much as to get upon his knee, and have him all to herself : and as the evening was not a pleasant one for walking out, she thought there could not be a more favourable opportunity for this indulgence.

“ Now, papa,” she said, “ I am sure you have made the door quite big enough ; you should measure it by nurse ; you know nurse is the broadest, and I think she could get in quite well now.”

“ Yes, Leila, but I am the tallest, and you see

I still must stoop a good deal ; but there is very little more to be done—there, now, that will do, I think. And now shall I make a little door for you, to get in and out also ?”

“ Papa, you are laughing at me ; can't I get in and out at the same door ? See how easily I can get out,” and Leila darted out into the open air, and in her turn stood laughing at her papa ; the wind blowing her luxuriant hair all about her blooming face, and threatening every moment to lift her light figure from the ground.

“ Come in, my love, come in, or you will be blown away ; I am quite convinced now the door will answer ; and I am convinced also that my little girl is in this respect wiser than Sir Isaac Newton. Do you know, Leila, that it is said of that great man, that when deeply engaged in his studies, being much disturbed by a cat which was constantly wishing to get in and out of his room to its kitten, he, as a sure means of preventing this annoyance, cut a hole in the door for the cat, and a little hole for the kitten.”

“ And who was Sir Isaac Newton, papa ?”

“ Sir Isaac Newton, my love, was one of the greatest philosophers and mathematicians that ever appeared in the world, and was as remarkable for his modesty as for the superiority of his genius. While yet a young man, not more than four-and-twenty, he made many of his most im-

portant discoveries, and he was the first person who gave us a true account of the laws which regulate the motions of those beautiful planets which I have pointed out to you so often from the deck of the ship. When you are older, you shall read a life of him. I hope this wind will fall before to-morrow morning, and allow me to get to the ship for my books. We shall be sadly ill off without them ; how shall I be able to instruct my little girl, if I cannot get at my books ? and this high wind makes me tremble for the ship. I almost fear that before to-morrow morning it may be shattered to pieces."

" Well, papa, but don't look sorry, for if you cannot get any books, never mind, for you can instruct me out of your own head. You know so many things, that you can tell me every thing I wish to know, and I will be very attentive—I won't forget. Now, I will not forget that you told me to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was a great philosopher, and that he cut a large hole in his door for the cat, and a little hole for the kitten."

" Well, my love, I think, in this respect, you are a very nice little philosopher, and I shall try to follow your example, Leila, and make the best of things."

" And will you try to make a table, papa, and some chairs ?"

“So that is your idea of the best of things, Leila. Well, we shall see what can be done in this way; but there are other things still more necessary, which must be attended to first.”

“Then, papa, let me sit on your knee, and you will tell me about them. Now I have got into my particular corner—how nice this is!—And now we will make some plans. I like so much when I sit upon your knee, and you tell me plans, and chat with me a great deal; and I am so glad that here, you know, nobody will come to disturb us.”

Mr. Howard sighed deeply as he gazed upon his child. Leila raised herself upon her knees, and fondly kissed his cheek; then throwing her arms round his neck, she whispered, “Papa, are you sorry to stay here with me?”

“No, my love, I am most deeply grateful to have you with me.”

“Then why did you sigh, papa?”

“I was thinking of those friends I had hoped soon to meet with, Leila.”

“Well, papa, you know I cannot be a big friend, but I could be a little friend, maybe.—Will you take me for your little friend, papa?”

“Most willingly, my love.”

“O, I am so glad! Now, that is one plan

we have made, and I think a very good one; and now we will make some more plans."

"Yes, Leila, but you must think of the consequences of the plan you have made; if you are to be my friend, you must do all you can to improve yourself, and to gain information, that you may be able to converse with me; you must read history and geography, that we may talk together of what formerly happened in the world, and that you may know the places where these events did happen; you must attend to your music lessons, that we may be able to play and sing together; above all, you must endeavour to get the better of that bad habit which makes it difficult for my little girl to learn any thing well; you must not allow your eyes to wander all over the room while I am explaining things to you, or be thinking of your cat, as you were doing the other day, while I was telling you about William the Conqueror. You know, Leila, I am frequently obliged to make you repeat your French verbs with your eyes shut, and your hands clasped behind your back to keep you steady, and even then you are often still fidgeting and standing first on one leg and then on the other. What would you have thought, if you had seen my friend Mr. Morley conversing with me with his eyes shut, and standing on one leg?"

“O, papa, I should have laughed very much; but I don't think he could have stood on one leg—he is so fat.”

“Well, Leila, if my only hope of your steadiness consists in your becoming as fat as Mr. Morley, I believe I must be more moderate in my expectations, and not wish for quite so much.”

“But, papa, I will try to be steady though I am not fat, and I will do all I can to be your little friend. Do you know, papa, that I find it much easier to be good with you than with nurse—yes, I do; I like nurse very much, and she is very kind to me indeed, but then every day she teases me with those long frills to hem, and makes me do such a great piece, and take such little stitches, and so close together, that I cannot get patience for it; I like to take large stitches, that I may be soon done, and then she is angry, takes it all out, and makes me do it over again.”

“Nurse is quite right, my love. Whatever you do, Leila, you should try to do well. I am sorry you do not like needle-work, for it is most useful: but if you persevere, you will come to do it well, and then you will like it; meanwhile it is a good exercise for your patience. You should pray to God, Leila, that he would enable you to get over that im-

patience of temper, which is your greatest fault."

"O yes, papa, I do pray very often for the Holy Spirit to make me good, for I did a dreadful thing one day when I forgot to pray. It was just the day the storm began. It was a little windy when I did the thing, and I was coming to tell you, but then the wind blew a great deal more, and I was frightened and forgot; and now I should like to tell you, but then I am afraid, papa, you will not love me, or have me for your little friend, when you know."

"Yes, my child, I will love you more than ever, if you have been sorry for your fault, and have asked God to forgive you."

"O yes, papa, I have; I have prayed a great deal, and I hope God has forgiven me, for you know he took care of me on the raft, and brought me safe into this delightful cave; and now I will tell you.—You see it was about those frills. Nurse gave me a great piece to hem, and she put in a pin, and said, 'Now, Miss Leila, you will please to hem up to that pin, and take very small stitches, and close together.' Well, it was a greater piece than she had ever given me before, and she had not her good-natured face on; and when I wished to go on deck and talk with you, she said I must finish my work first. I

did take little stitches at first, but when I looked and looked at the pin, it was never growing a bit nearer; so then—I am coming to the wicked part, papa, but I must tell you—so then I thought I would just take out the pin and put it nearer, and nurse would never know. If I had prayed to God then, papa, he would have strengthened me, but I did not pray; I snatched it out very quick, and put it a great deal nearer, and I did not care for any thing after that but took as big stitches as ever I could, and when I brought the work to nurse, I was just going to say, ‘I have hemmed to the pin, nurse,’ when something came in my throat, and was like to choke me; so I laid it down, and was sorry to be done, instead of happy. Well, then, nurse looked at it, and she said, ‘What is this, Miss Leila? I think the pin has been removed;’ and she put on her spectacles to look, but I jumped up and pulled them off her nose, and ran away with them. She caught me at the cabin-door, and brought me back, and said, ‘Miss Leila, stand before me instantly, and don’t move;’ and she put on her spectacles, and took the pin and put it into the holes where it was before, and she took the end of the thread, and drew out all my hemming. The thread gave a great crack, and it put me in such a passion, papa, that I stamped with my foot, and I pulled the

frill out of nurse's hands, and danced upon it."

"O Leila!" exclaimed Mr. Howard, "this is a sad, sad account indeed."

Leila hid her face upon her papa's breast, and bursting into tears she exclaimed, "O papa, you are angry with me."

"Compose yourself, my love, be comforted; I am not angry with you; no, Leila, I feel assured, from the sorrow you are now feeling, that you will watch over yourself more than ever to get the better of this fault, and that you will daily pray to God to give you strength to do so; for you see, Leila, into what sinfulness this impatience of temper has led you. You have been accustomed from your infancy to consider God as ever present, looking upon every action, and acquainted with every thought; you have been accustomed, if uncertain how to act, to ask yourself this question, 'What would God wish me to do?' You know, if you dare not ask God this question, and try to put away this remembrance from you, that you must be wishing to do what is wrong, wishing to obey the wicked spirit, rather than to obey God."

"O no, papa, not wishing to obey the wicked spirit, but sometimes I cannot help being bad."

"Yes, Leila, you can. We have all evil im-

pulses, and often wish to do what is wrong; but if, at such moments, we pray to God to strengthen us by his Holy Spirit, he will listen to our prayer, he will lead us back into the right path, he will love us, and look upon us as his children. And now, my child, tell me everything that happened; what did nurse do?"

"She looked at me very sorrowfully, papa; and then she said, 'Miss Leila, you might perhaps have deceived me, but you could not have been happy, for you could not have deceived God, and until you are sorry for your fault, and pray to him to forgive you, I do not wish to be in your company;' and she went out of the cabin and shut the door."

"And what did you do, Leila?"

"I cried a great deal at first, papa, and then I remembered that verse which you told me to think of when I did any thing wrong, and I said quite low to myself, 'I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' And I knelt down, papa, and prayed to God to forgive me, and to give me a better heart, and to take the impatience out of it; and I asked him to make me love my work, and never, never to wish to deceive nurse again; and when I got up, papa, there was nurse standing behind me; she had

come into the cabin quite softly. When I saw her I began to cry again, but she dried my eyes, and said, 'Miss Leila, I see you have been asking God to forgive you, and that you have repented of your fault; therefore I am sure he has forgiven you, and I will forgive you also;' so she kissed me, and I felt a great deal happier; but I wanted to go on deck and tell you, that I might be quite happy again."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because, papa, nurse said the wind was blowing very hard on deck, and you were busy, and wished me to stay below; and all the loose things in the cabin began rolling about, which amused me very much; all the water dashed out of the ewer and came upon my frock, and the tumbler jumped out of the washhand-stand and rolled on the floor, and I ran after the tumbler, and nurse ran after the cups and saucers; and there was such a nice clatter, and then nurse came against me and popped me down in the middle of the floor, which made me laugh more than any thing; but that was the last of the funny things which happened, for the wind blew so hard that nurse was frightened, and so was I; and after that, papa, you know, always when you came down into the cabin, you gave me books to read to interest my mind, or verses of the Bible to learn, and you put my blue sash round

my waist, and tied me with it to the table ; but I don't like to think of that time, we won't talk about it any more."

"No, my love, there is no occasion that we should now dwell upon the danger we have suffered, but we should think often, and with the deepest gratitude, of God's goodness in having delivered us from it."

"Yes, papa, I will thank God, and I am very grateful to him, for he has made the verses which comforted me so much in the cabin, come quite true. Don't you remember, papa, in the psalm you gave me to learn, it is said, 'So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress, for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.'"

"'Thus are they glad because they are at rest, and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.'"

"And we are glad, papa ; and don't you think He has brought us into the haven where we would be ? I am sure this cave is a very good haven ; I like it much better than the ship ; and will you tell me now, papa, some more plans to make us comfortable ?"

"Not now, my love, for it is getting late, and I am anxious you should go soon to bed, as we must breakfast early to-morrow, that I may get

off to the ship as soon as possible. So go now and assist nurse in preparing a bed for me in the outer cavern ; let her take one of the mattresses I brought from the ship to-day, and then return, and I will read the Bible to you as usual, and hear you say your prayers before you go to bed."

CHAPTER V.

NEXT morning the wind had greatly fallen, although the weather seemed still somewhat unsettled; but as Mr. Howard could see from the window in the inner cavern that the ship still lay upon the rock, he repaired with Leila and nurse to the beach as soon as breakfast was over, and leaving them to unpack the rest of the articles in the chests, he proceeded to the ship; but, alas! on reaching it, he found the cabins were so much under water that nothing could be removed; and as the wind seemed again to be rising every moment more and more, he saw, with feelings of much disappointment, that he must give up all idea of saving any thing further from the wreck, and that not a moment must be lost in endeavouring to regain the shore. Even with the assistance of the faithful Dash, he found this a matter of such difficulty, that all sense of his recent disappointment was lost in gratitude to Heaven, when he was once more permitted in safety to embrace his child.

“*Ues, Leila,*” he said, “again has a merciful God delivered me from imminent danger. He has preserved my life, and he has in you preserved also my greatest treasure. Let me no longer dwell with regret on what it seems his good pleasure to withhold. I shall make no further effort to possess myself of my books; you must now trust to papa’s memory for your knowledge of history and geography, and that general information which it is desirable you should acquire; but the book of life has been preserved to us, Leila, and what is all human knowledge, compared with what we can learn there? Where shall we meet with such poetry as in the Psalms of David, or such eloquence as flowed from the unlettered fishermen of Galilee? And where shall we find a model of sinless purity, yet of lowly meekness and complete submission to a Father’s will, but in our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ? It now seems to me that in the Bible, being the only book preserved to us, God himself is saying, ‘This is sufficient for you—here you have the words of eternal life; let them be simply received and earnestly prayed over, and more and more light will be given to cheer and guide you on your way.’ Yes, my child, each promise of the word of God will be found a staff to lean upon, able to bear the whole weight of sin, of

sorrow, and of trial. In our Bibles we have a rich treasure-house, furnished with every source of delight, every ground of present peace and future joy."

While Mr. Howard was talking in this way to Leila, nurse had removed to a little distance, and appeared intently examining something on the sand, while Dash's low, short bark seemed also to be inviting Mr. Howard to follow. On advancing to the spot, he found that the recent storm had thrown up a large turtle into a cleft of the rock, which Dash had discovered, and now stood sentry over, wagging his tail, and as if enjoying in anticipation the many good dinners which nurse was at that moment arranging in her fertile brain.

"Where shall we get a fish-kettle?" she was exclaiming to herself as Mr. Howard approached. "O to think that such a grand creature should be lost for want of proper conveniences! it is a heavy trial. Well, sir," she continued, as Mr. Howard stooped to examine the turtle, "has not Dash, poor fellow! provided well for your dinner for some days to come? and I dare say I shall be able to manage a kind of turtle soup not just so badly either."

"I have no doubt of it," Mr. Howard answered; "and in this unlooked-for blessing we have another instance of God's goodness to us.

My mind feels more at rest now that I have given up all hope of saving more from the wreck; so come, let us exert ourselves to secure what has been so unexpectedly given."

It was some hours of hard labour before Mr. Howard, with the assistance of his companions, had succeeded in removing every thing to the cave; for the wind rising in sudden gusts at times completely obstructed their progress in their undertaking. By taking the raft to pieces, he was able by degrees to remove it also to the cave; and while nurse and Leila busied themselves in the domestic arrangements for dinner, Mr. Howard, with the materials which it afforded him, was able to put together a sort of temporary table, which gave an air of infinitely more comfort to the inner apartment; he also put up a bench by the side of the kitchen fire, for nurse's accommodation; and the chests being deposited in the inner cave, in front of the table, served at the same time as seats and as store closets for their provisions.

Leila was much delighted with these arrangements, and particularly interested in the work which Mr. Howard commenced as soon as dinner was over. Before the evening closed, her papa had partly succeeded in making a shelf in the rock, where her wardrobe was to be arranged; and to complete this, and put up pins of wood,

where different articles could be hung up, was to be the work of a new day.

So soundly did Leila sleep after her labours, that she heard not the storm, which now raged without with such fury, that several of the trees which grew near their place of shelter were torn up by the roots. Mr. Howard lay awake listening to the roaring of the wind, and to the crash of the falling trees; and as soon as the morning dawned, he stole gently into Leila's apartment, wishing to look out upon the sea, which could only be seen from the inner cave. He found that Dash was watching by Leila's side, and her cat lay purring at her feet; but no outward storm had disturbed her peaceful slumbers—she lay like a summer rose, in dreamless sleep. He looked at her in silent thankfulness, then, approaching the window, gazed earnestly on the sea. The fury of the storm had now abated, and as the light of morning increased, he became aware that the ship was no longer visible; it must have been sunk or driven on the rocks. That this last had been the case was soon apparent, for on going down to the beach next morning, Mr. Howard found it strewn with many fragments of the wreck; several barrels also, some containing gunpowder, and others meat and bread, were cast on shore, but so much injured by the sea water as to be of little

ase; the bread, however, after being well steeped in fresh water, was found very serviceable in feeding the poultry; and it was pleasing to see the white hens flocking round Leila in the morning, eagerly picking up the food she had prepared for them at the entrance of the cave, and at early dawn to hear the gallant cock crowing quite as cheerfully as if he had not been on a desert island.

Several days had now passed away, and as the weather had been unfavourable for visiting the interior of the island, they had occupied themselves in securing all the fragments of the wreck, and in making every thing within the cave wear such an air of comfort, that the first Sabbath morning found them not only with hearts deeply grateful for the blessings by which they were surrounded, but with a degree of cheerfulness of spirit which it astonished Mr. Howard he should himself so fully partake of.

In arranging Leila's clothes, a morocco case was found, containing a Bible and Prayer-book, which her papa had given her on her eighth birth-day; and in the open air, under the shade of a beautiful spreading tree, he read aloud the service to his little audience. Never had his heart been touched with deeper devotion, and the whole scene was in unison with his feelings. Removed from the world and its busy cares,



they formed a little group kneeling at the footstool of their Father's throne, amid the loveliest scenes of his creation ; the deepest solitude was around, the most profound stillness reigned, no cloud was in the sky, no bird in the air ; but the glad sunbeams glittered on the jewelled earth, and innumerable flowers, decked in living lustre, filled the atmosphere with fragrance. They arose from their knees with hearts deeply touched with that holy peace which the world cannot give, for faithful is He that hath promised that, for his children, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

As soon as the service was over, Leila reminded her papa of his intention of taking a long walk with her into the interior of the island ; and the little troop, consisting of Mr. Howard, Leila, nurse, Dash, and Selina, accordingly set out to view the property they had so unexpectedly become possessed of. Their progress was slow, so many were the objects of admiration they met with on their way. Turning in the opposite direction from that which led to the beach, they found themselves, when but a very short distance from the cave, under the shade of a banyan-tree, whose innumerable slender branches, bending down and taking root again, formed pillars, as it were, to this

temple of nature's workmanship. Leila was enchanted with the beauty of this summer bower, and darting forward, and clapping her hands with joy, there flew out from amidst its green canopy a variety of birds—turtle-doves, wood-peckers, and beautiful green and scarlet parrots, such as Leila had never seen before. On she ran through its green alleys, exclaiming with fresh delight at every step, till emerging again at the opposite side, she found herself on the margin of the little rivulet which has been already mentioned; here her further progress being arrested, she was joined by the others.

“O papa!” she exclaimed, “surely the little fairy elves which nurse tells me about have built this bower, it is so beautiful. And what are those lovely scarlet balls, which are hanging down amongst the green leaves?”

“They are Indian figs, my love; and those birds and beautiful parrots you have scared away were probably feeding upon them.”

“I think, papa, the birds here have a very merry time; they have such a pretty house, and such nice dinners, I should like to stay here always.”

“What, Leila! and forsake the friendly cave which sheltered you so well during the storm?”

“I was forgetting, papa, I think. I would not forsake the cave, that would not be kind;

I like my room there very much, I always liked it, and now I like it better than ever, since my clothes were put so neatly on the shelves, and my work-box beside them; and my shoes are put in a corner all in rows, and my dressing-gown and my towel hung on pins,—and my bonnet. But, papa, only look at my bonnet; nurse says it is good for very little since the waves came dashing over it. What am I to do for another bonnet?"

"Why, Leila, I think we must contrive to make you a bonnet of the palm-leaves; I have heard of bonnets being manufactured in this way."

"That will be delightful, papa; I am sure I shall like it much better than my English bonnet! What good contrivances you have! Will you tell me some more plans? But what were we speaking about before the bonnet? Here we have so many things to speak about, papa, that I am *brimming* full of them. We have a great many more things to speak about in the island than in the ship. O! I remember, now, I was going to say that it would be a good plan to keep the cave for our house just as it is now, and to make this a green parlour to teach me my lessons in."

"A very good plan, my love; only I am afraid you would see too many objects around

to distract your attention. You would be peeping out between the branches, watching the goats with their little kids skipping amongst the rocks, as I have been doing at this moment. Hold! what is that I got a glimpse of just now? I am sure I saw a monkey in that tall cocoa-nut tree. O Leila! if monkeys are to be seen from your school-room windows, I am afraid your green parlour would not long contain you. You would be off from my side like an arrow from a bow."

"But, papa, could you not twine the branches thick together to keep me in? that would be a good contrivance, papa—eh?"

"A very good contrivance, my love—the very same idea had struck me. I am sure that, by weaving in additional branches, which we can cut off from the other trees, and making use also of those tall reeds which I see growing at a little distance, we shall be able to form a wall strong enough not only to keep you in, Leila, when a monkey is in view, but to make this green temple a very pleasant habitation, for part of the day at least."

"And do you think I could do a little good?—Could I help you, papa?"

"Yes, my love, I dare say you could; I think you will be able to manage weaving in the tender branches and the reeds, that is to

say, as long as the wall is not above your height."

"And then, you know, I could stand up on the canteen, papa, to make me tall. O it will be so delightful! I hope you will begin to-morrow. I long to be at work. I will get up early; whenever the sun comes in at my window, and the cock crows, I will jump up."

"You will do quite right, my love; we must all be up to-morrow morning by the crowing of the cock; but we cannot to-morrow, or even for some days to come, begin the wall. No, Leila, here there is so much to be done, that we must arrange our work, and begin with what is most necessary. We have already made the cave tolerably comfortable; we must now consider how we can add to our store of provisions. It seems to me as if a great deal of rain had fallen here lately; and while the ground is still moist, I wish to sow the Indian corn which I was taking home with me to England, and also to plant a small plantation of rice on the banks of this rivulet. The stream will form a good defence on one side, and also will give us the means of watering our grounds; but I must put in stakes, and then you can assist me in weaving in branches, so as to form a sort of fence on the other side; without this, the goats would quickly devour the grain; not to speak of your white

hens, Leila, which, in spite of their wings being cut, would soon make their way down to our corn and rice-fields."

"O no, papa, I don't think they would, for they are not mischievous hens, and they know me so well now—one came upon my shoulder to-day."

"And so you think that they are such honest, affectionate hens that they would prefer sitting on your shoulder, rather than stealing a good dinner of rice? I am not sure, Leila, that we could trust quite so much to their principles—a good dinner is a strong temptation to a hungry hen."

"But, papa, they are not hungry hens, for every time I come out of the cave they come flocking about me, and I always give them something. I take it out of the bag for the poultry, or out of the bread-barrel. I never take it out of the store-chest, for nurse says I must not. Nurse, may I tell papa the secret about the chickens?"

"Certainly, Miss Leila, you may tell your papa any thing. You know it is only that you wished to surprise him."

"Yes, papa, I wanted to surprise you with the chickens; but then it is such a long time to wait, I cannot keep the secret so long. You know, nurse and I have made nests of the dry

grass in the rock for the hens, and we picked up round white stones on the beach, and put one into each nest, and the hens think that they are eggs, and they go into the nests and put another egg beside them; then we go in the morning and take away the eggs, but we always leave the white stone. Sometimes we get four eggs, and sometimes we get only three, for one of the hens is very stupid. Now, papa, you see I wanted to give you all the eggs, but nurse said there could be no chickens, and that you would like chickens better; so when I bring you the egg for your breakfast, she puts the others into a safe place till there are thirteen. To-morrow there will be thirteen, if that hen is not stupid, and then, papa, we are to put one of the hens to sit upon them, and in three weeks the chickens are to come out. Will it not be delightful, papa, to see the little chickens?"

"Yes, my love, and it will be a good exercise of your patience, for three weeks is a long time for you to wait; but meanwhile you will have such constant employment, that it will make the time pass much more quickly. Come now, let us walk further up the stream; if I am not mistaken, the source of it is at no great distance; I think it rises probably where these reeds are growing."

Mr. Howard was right: the source was

amongst the reeds, and they had not walked far before they came upon a beautifully clear fountain, from which the rivulet immediately flowed. A noble-spreading tree, of a species unknown to Mr. Howard, shaded the spot; a vine clung to its branches, from which the grapes were hanging in rich clusters almost into the water, and the sloping banks of this fountain were of emerald green. They seated themselves on the banks, they plucked and ate of the delicious grapes, and dipped their hands into the cool clear water. Mr. Howard's mind was filled with silent admiration of the beauties around him, and Leila was in ecstasies of pleasure.

“O, papa!” she exclaimed, “surely we never saw any place before so lovely as this; it makes me feel so glad, it makes me think of the psalm, papa. You know the psalm says, ‘The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing. And are not these ‘green pastures,’ papa, and ‘the waters of comfort?’ I think God is very good, for he *has* led us, papa. You know it is God that has brought us here.”

“Yes, my child, that beautiful psalm is very applicable at this moment to our situation, for we, Leila, have been walking ‘through the valley of the shadow of death;’ but God has been with us, ‘his rod and his staff have comforted

us.' Repeat the last verse of this psalm, my child."

"'But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!'"

"That is my daily prayer for you, my child. O may you dwell, Leila, in the house of the Lord for ever!"

"But, papa, you said when I went to England, I should visit God's house, but now, you know, we are not going to England."

"My dear Leila, God does not dwell alone in temples made with hands, but in the hearts of all his faithful children. If you endeavour in all things to do his will, if you earnestly pray for strength to enable you to do so, He will put his Holy Spirit into your heart, and make his temple there. He is every where, and in all places; He will dwell in you, and you in Him; for 'Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his dwelling so high, and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth?'"

"Papa, it makes me frightened sometimes when I think how great God is, for you know I am not good: I often do a great many wrong things; I always pray not to do wrong things; and many times in the day I ask God to make

me good. But then I forget, and the badness comes upon me before I remember, and that makes me sorry. Do you think God will go on forgiving me, if I am sorry?"

"Yes, my child, God looks upon your sorrow with a pitying eye: 'For like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.' 'For he knoweth whereof we are made, he remembereth that we are but dust.'"

"But do you think, papa, if I were to live very long, I should grow perfect? If I were to live as long as Methuselah, nine hundred and sixty-nine years, papa, do you think I should be perfect?"

"No, Leila; even in nine hundred and sixty-nine years you would not be perfect. No human being is perfect in the sight of God, for we have all sinful natures; our sins are many, too many for us to bear. But who was it that took the burden of those sins upon himself, and laid down his life, that we might be forgiven?"

"Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, papa."

"Yes, Leila; it is through him that we are pardoned; it is only by believing and trusting in him that you can be saved, and enter into everlasting life. Do you remember that beautiful verse in Isaiah? 'But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our ini

quities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' ”

“ Yes, papa, I remember it quite well, for you explained it to me, and the other verses too, and now I read the chapter sometimes to myself. I always like the chapters best when you have explained them to me. I am so glad the Bibles were not left in the ship, for then you could not have gone on explaining. But what are you looking at so earnestly, papa? ”

“ I am looking at those trees on the opposite side, at the foot of the hill. I think I see the casava or bread-tree amongst them—a most valuable discovery for us, if it be so. Come, let us cross the stream, that I may ascertain this point. ”

Mr. Howard lifted Leila across, and then assisted nurse. Dash required no one's aid; but Selina, poor Selina, had an antipathy to water: she had no admiration for a fountain, however clear, and particularly disliked a running stream. There she stood trembling and looking most wo-begone, and her melancholy mew would have melted a heart of stone.

“ Why, Dash, my good fellow! ” exclaimed Mr. Howard, “ this will never do—this is shameful what of gallantry on your part—*fetch*, Dash, *fetch*, ” and he pointed to where poor pussy stood, with one paw in the water, shaking as if in an ague fit.

Dash sprang across. His first intention evidently was to have seized Selina by the neck, for a jealous pang did sometimes assail him; but he thought better of it, and stooping down, she jumped upon his back, and the next moment was deposited in safety at the feet of her little mistress. The party proceeded towards the grove of trees, amongst which Mr. Howard was only able to discover a single casava tree; but still this was a pleasant discovery, as it gave him hopes that there might be more in other parts of the island.

Leila looked eagerly up amongst the branches, and then turning to her papa in evident disappointment, she exclaimed, "But, papa, I see nothing like bread."

"And did my dear little girl expect to find loaves and hot rolls hanging from the branches? It was a hungry idea, Leila: and I think we must delay climbing the hill till another day, and bend our steps homeward, and prepare for dinner. Do you see those little apples, my love, amongst the branches of the casava tree? It is of those the Indians make a kind of bread when they are ripe. We shall gather them, and keep them in sand, and also make use of them in this way: meanwhile, here are other things which will be very valuable to us;" and Mr. Howard, as he spoke, picked up several large cocoa-nuts

from the ground, which the wind had thrown down, and giving several of them to nurse to carry, they returned home. After dinner, he read aloud the Evening Service and a portion of the Bible, and having heard Leila repeat her Catechism and hymns, she retired to bed at an early hour, anxious for the business of the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning they were all up by sunrise, and as soon as prayers were over, Leila, impatient of delay, darted into the open air, and scampering about like a mad thing, seemed as if intoxicated with the pure elastic feeling of early day; but Mr. Howard, just as he was about to join her, was alarmed by an unusual noise among the poultry; and fearing a wild cat might have got amongst them, and flying to their rescue, found Leila before one of the nests, shaking with violence the poor, unhappy hen who was seated upon it. She stopped on seeing her papa, and the poor, frightened bird took shelter between Mr. Howard's legs.

"Leila," he exclaimed, "I can scarcely believe what I see before me."

"O papa," she answered, and her face and neck became the colour of scarlet; "indeed I could not help being angry; I got an egg from each of the other nests, but this bad, stupid hen will not give me one; and how can we set the hen to-day when we have only twelve?"

“Leila, it is not the hen that is either bad or stupid, but it is you who are unreasonable; it is not its nature at present to give you an egg every day; you will probably find one in the nest to-morrow; but I shall not now allow nurse to set the hen for two days to come. I am sorry to be obliged to punish you, my child; but it is my duty to endeavour in every way to check this impatience of temper, which may lead you into the most frightful faults. You had but just risen from your knees, Leila, where you had been asking your God and Father to love you as his child, to put his Holy Spirit into your heart, and to make you more obedient, more meek and lowly like himself, and fitted to be a lamb of his flock. Do you think he could love you at the moment you were giving way to such different feelings?”

“O no, papa, he could not; but he sees me now, and he knows I am sorry—O indeed, indeed I am sorry!” and she clasped her little hands together in strong emotion. “But, papa, am I never to grow good when I wish it so very much? Am I always to go on struggling, struggling?”

“Yes, Leila, we must always go on struggling with our inclination to do evil; but God has said, ‘My grace is sufficient for you;’ and he is the same ‘faithful God who will not suffer us to

be tempted above what we are able to bear, but will, with the temptation, also make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.' We shall never be free from sin as long as we are in this world; but if we have deeply repented for having offended, and constantly pray for God's holy Spirit to strengthen us against giving way to sin, we shall, after this life, be received into everlasting happiness; for if we humbly seek for grace to guide us in obeying God's holy will, he has promised to help all those who feel their weakness, and put their trust in him; and he will give you strength, and bring you to his heavenly kingdom, where there will be no more struggle with evil; you will be made pure even as he is pure, and fitted to dwell with your Lord and Saviour in perfect happiness for ever. And now, my child, go and tell nurse to get ready to accompany us, and let us begin our walk in this cool and lovely morning. Look, Leila, how that glorious sun—an emblem of God himself—is rising above the hill, shedding its glowing light on each surrounding object, chasing away the shades of night, and drawing up the dews of heaven in those clouds of soft transparent mist which are still sleeping on the valleys!—So may the pure light of the Gospel rise upon our dark hearts, and shed everlasting peace and happiness around us!"

It was the work of some weeks before the fence was complete, and Mr. Howard had succeeded in putting the seed into the ground; but this necessary business being effected, he resolved to take the other projected improvements more leisurely, and now to devote regularly a portion of every day to Leila's studies. The want of books was a sad drawback to her improvement; but the cultivation of Mr. Howard's own mind enabled him to impart to her much useful information.

After her religious duties were over, and he had read and explained the Bible with her, he gave her a lecture on history every day; and they then regularly went down to the beach together; and before the heat of the day commenced, she received instructions from him in geography, writing, and arithmetic. With a sharp-pointed stick she traced the different countries on the sand, and summed up many a long list of figures; and her writing lesson was always given in French: in that language she had already made considerable progress, having been accustomed to hear her papa speak it with a French gentleman who had been his secretary, and who had kindly given Leila a daily lesson: she now wrote it every day on sand, her papa dictating to her simple phrases in English, and she writing them

down in French. Her stock of hymns was kept up by constant repetition; and many a piece of poetry was added from the stores of Mr. Howard's memory: he often employed himself by writing them down on the leaves of the palm-tree; and Leila would frequently amuse herself by writing a little letter to her papa on a palm-tree leaf, and tying it up with a tendril from the vine; for although there were a few reels of cotton in her workbox, nurse watched over them with a jealous eye.

To Leila's infinite delight, there were no more frills to hem; but the cotton was sufficiently necessary in repairing the many rents which her frocks sustained in climbing the trees—an accomplishment in which she soon became so expert, that the very squirrels themselves were lost in astonishment.

Many were the nests of the wood-pigeon and the turtle-dove which she made acquaintance with in her researches amidst those higher branches of natural science; for as she generally carried a few crumbs with her for the young birds, they soon learnt to know Leila's cheerful "chirp, chirp!" and would open wide their little mouths to be fed, and look up to her with eyes of respectful tenderness and truly filial affection. Her papa allowed her to remove some of the nests down to the rocks; and the old birds, see-

ing no further harm was intended them, continued still to take charge of their domestic concerns, and gave Leila many useful hints in the management of their infant nurseries. She would watch with the greatest interest the proceedings of the parent birds, and was astonished at the affection and unwearied patience and activity they displayed. She tried to keep account of how often they would return to the nest during an hour with food for their young, but found it was beyond all counting—it seemed to her as if soon there would not be a worm, a fly, or a white ant, left in the whole island.

It was a fresh delight to her when the young birds first began to receive instruction in the art of flying. Leila would seat herself at a little distance, and watch their first attempts with the keenest enjoyment.

“O papa,” she exclaimed one morning, “I have had such delightful amusement to-day—I have seen all my six little turtle-doves fly out of their nest. You know, papa, I gave them names—there were Bob, Harry, and Billy, and Fanny, Lucy, and Kitty. Well, papa, the mamma came to them this morning, and she chirped and chirped and spoke to them for a long time, and told them what to do, and they nodded their heads and said ‘Yes.’”

“Now, Leila, don't let your imagination run away with you.”

“Well, papa, I mean that they understood—for they did understand, papa. The mamma flew down upon the grass; and chirped and chirped again; and they all got up and stood on the edge of the nest, and fluttered their wings, and then they took courage, and three of them flew down. Bob and Harry flew quite—they are the biggest birds in all the nest; but Fanny went round in a curious way in the air, and came tumbling down: then the mamma went to her to comfort her, I fancy, and she chirped again, and flew a little way towards the nest, but she did not go into it; and Billy and Lucy flew to meet her, and came down quite safe; but Kitty was a great coward, and she would not come down; she stood on the edge of the nest fluttering her wings, but she would not try to fly; and then, papa, do you know what the mamma did?—she flew up and gave her a push, and she came rumbling tumbling down, just as Fanny had done. And so now they are all out of the nest, and flying about and hopping on the grass, quite merry: and may I have some crumbs to feed them? for I am sure they like crumbs better than worms and flies: besides, it is cruel in them to eat the poor worms and flies.”

“No, Leila, it is not cruel, it is God’s intention that it should be so; this earth would be overrun with worms and flies, if their numbers were not diminished in this way; these insects are given them for food, just as many birds and animals are given us for food. I am always sorry when I am obliged to shoot a bird, or one of those pretty little rabbits which you see running about in such numbers; but still it is necessary that it should be done.”

“I am very sorry too, papa; and I was very sorry that day when you shot the little kid. Do you think you could catch me a kid alive? I should like so much to have one. Dāsh runs after them very often, and nearly catches them; but then they get on the rocks, and give such skips. I wish I could follow them on the rocks, I should like so much to get hold of one.”

“O no, Leila, you must not attempt to get upon the rocks; your climbing the trees, as you do now, often gives me serious alarm: besides, my child, you should have some compassion on poor nurse’s feelings; she is quite heart-broken with the state of your wardrobe—she tells me you are tearing your frocks most sadly; and you know, my dear Leila, it will be impossible to replace them here.”

“But, papa, nurse has made such a good plan for that; she is keeping all the rabbit-skins, and

when she has enough, she is to sew them together, and make them into a little dress for me; and when I climb up into the trees with my rabbit-skin frock on, may be the squirrels will think I am another little squirrel, and let me catch them; but will you try to get me a squirrel, papa, if you cannot get me a kid?"

"I would rather endeavour to get you a kid, my love; I have often been wishing of late that we could contrive to catch some of those goats with their kids; their milk would be a very great luxury to us. Nurse was regretting very much the other day that we could get no milk for you; and she tells me that when she was a young girl, she was accustomed to take charge of her mother's dairy, and that if we had a few goats, she could take charge of them, and milk them for us, and even make a little butter; but how she is to contrive making butter I know not, as we have no churn."

"She told me about it, papa; she said she could make it in the glass bottle which is in the canteen, but that she would be able to make very little at a time; and she said if we had goats she could teach me to milk them, and to make the butter. O that would be so delightful! I hope you will try to catch them immediately, papa. Will you begin to-day?"

"But, Leila, how is it to be done? You that

are fond of making plans should tell me how I am to contrive to catch them. Well, I see you are racking your little brain; what do you advise?"

"Would it be a good plan, papa, to come up to them very, very softly, when they are not looking, and put a rope round their necks, and make them come home?"

"A very good plan, Leila, if they would look another way, and would stand still to have a rope put round their necks. Your plan reminds me of my own little sisters going out day after day with a handful of salt, to catch pigeons with. Their nurse told them that if they could only contrive to throw salt on the pigeons' tails, they would stand still and allow themselves to be caught; but the pigeons were refractory; they always flew away as the little girls approached them, and the goats would soon scamper off also. No; you must think of some other way. Do you remember what Robinson Crusoe did?"

"O yes, now I remember—he dug pits, and the goats fell into them."

"Well, Leila, I mean to try that method of catching them." In all our improvements I have taken a great many useful hints from Robinson Crusoe. Do you recollect that he also hung up the grapes to dry on the branches of the trees, just as we have been doing; and that he sowed

rice and corn, which I am sure could not have come up better than ours has done? But I don't think I could be as successful as he was in making bowls and different vessels of clay, and burning them in the fire, so as to make them fit for containing any kind of liquid. If we were to succeed in catching the goats, we should be much at a loss for vessels to hold the milk. I mean, however, to attempt making some wooden bowls: those trees which were thrown down by the storm will furnish me with ample materials. Now that we have made use of the smaller branches for our chairs, the stems will answer well for the bowls; and I think I might even contrive to hollow out a portion of one of them, and form a sort of churn—at any rate, it is well to make the attempt: let us get every thing in readiness for the goats, in the hope that they may be caught. The enclosing a small field for them, with a fence all round, will be another great work for us; but we shall probably have time to complete it before we have a flock to confine; and if we should find a goat in the pits, or even two, we can manage to keep them from running away, meanwhile, by your plan, Leila, of putting a rope round their necks, and tying it to one of the trees, so as to enable them to feed around the sides of the cave.”

“Papa, I hope you will always be making some more improvements; for I like so much to hear you talk about them, and to see you working, and to help you a little. You know the great event, as you call it, papa, will soon happen now. Look, here are my leaves!” and Leila took from her breast five small green leaves. “I gathered twenty leaves,” she continued, “and I have put away one every night; to-night I will put another away, and then there will be only four, and in four days we will go into the beautiful green parlour. Do you remember that, papa?”

“Why, Leila, it is not very probable that I should forget, as I think you generally remind me of it at least five times a day. But do you remember, my little girl, that for two days before you are not to go near your green bower—no, not to have the slightest peep at it?”

“O yes, papa, I remember that quite well; for you are to surprise me, you know. What can the surprise be?—I am always thinking what it can be. It is very pleasant to have a surprise to think of—I think of it every night when I am in my bed; and when I awake, I know that something is making me very happy, and then I remember that it is the surprise.”

“And do you remember also, my child, who it is that puts it into my heart to make you

happy, and who gives you a healthful body, and a peaceful mind, and the power of enjoying happiness?"

"Yes, papa, I do; and I think——" Leila stopped and coloured.

"What do you think, my love?"

"I think, papa, that I love God more since I came into the island; and I pray to him more—not pray to him, but I say short things to myself: when the sun is setting, and the sky is full of purple and gold, and every thing is shining with it, I say to myself that God is very good to have made this island so beautiful for us; and when you are kissing me, and looking at me so kindly, then I love God more for keeping you alive to kiss me, and to be so good to me. You know, papa, I read the Bible a great deal more now; I am often reading it under the trees, when I am not busy with you, and that makes me know more about God, and then I love him better."

"Leila, my child, you cannot think how very, very happy you have made your papa by saying so; and now leave me, dearest, that I may alone, and on my knees, thank God for having touched your little heart, and given you his grace, which alone enables you to have such feelings."

CHAPTER VII.

FIVE days of Leila's young and happy life glided away, and on the sixth morning she sprang up and sought her father—Mr. Howard was nowhere to be found.

“Compose yourself, Miss Leila,” observed nurse, “and don't keep racketing about in that way; your papa has gone to the bower, and expressly forbids that you should follow him—so you are *not* to go.”

“And do you think I would go, nurse, without his leave? I wonder how you can be so very ——”

Leila meant to have said “so very cross,” but she checked herself in time, although she grew red with indignation. Her papa entered at this moment.

“Papa,” she said, (as she ran up to him, and hid her face on his breast, as he stooped to embrace her,) “papa, will you hear me say my prayers?”

Poor Leila felt that at that moment there was no security for her but in prayer; she

knelt at her father's knee, and rose with a calm and peaceful countenance.

"Leila," said Mr. Howard, "your happy day and your happy hour have come at last. Let us go to your green parlour; we will read the Bible together after breakfast, for I am not sure that at this moment you could give it your whole attention.

Leila looked about for nurse, and was told that she would find her already there. She bounded on before her papa; then running back to meet him again, she seized his hand and pulled him forward. At the entrance of the green bower she was met by Dash, who appeared to consider himself as master of the ceremonies, and seemed anxiously to invite her entrance; but she paused on the threshold for some minutes to read and admire the word, *Welcome*, which her papa had traced in bright flowers above the door; then darting forward, she stood lost in admiration. The bower was beautifully ornamented inside with festoons of wild flowers, and breakfast was laid out on a table in the middle, and rustic chairs were placed around; but neither this table nor those chairs were new to Leila: she had watched over the progress of the work, and had herself assisted her papa in selecting the materials. But in a sweet corner close to the window

which looked upon the rivulet, there was a little table and a little chair she had never seen before—a pretty cage of white wicker work, with a pair of turtle-doves hung upon a branch by the window; and on this little table stood a beautiful basket of the same materials; it was covered with green leaves, intermixed with bright flowers. She removed the leaves, and two little rabbits, white as snow, met her delighted eyes. Leila clasped her papa's knees, then springing up into his arms, she covered his cheek with kisses. Mr. Howard was almost as happy as his child; her pure joy was balm to his heart, and he watched her in silent gratitude as she flew from one spot to another in all the restlessness of delight.

“And now, Leila,” he said, after every corner had been examined again and again, and every exclamation of admiration exhausted, “now take your guitar, and let us sing together the morning hymn, and then proceed to breakfast.”

Nurse had also performed her part well. The breakfast was excellent chocolate, hot cakes of the casava-apple, arrow-root, new-laid eggs, and a magnificent plate of grapes from the fountain tree. What little girl would not have thought such a breakfast superb? Leila considered nurse to be the most amiable of women.

After breakfast, they visited the enclosure

of rice and Indian corn, which looked most flourishing, and then walked towards the fountain. On their way, Leila discovered what she thought at first was some sort of building.

“Look, papa!” she exclaimed, “people must have been here to make this building. How curious it is! it looks like a number of sugar-loaves standing quite close together; only they are brown, and some little and some big. Look what a tall one is in the middle; I cannot nearly reach up to it. May I try to climb up, papa?”

“No, my love, you had better not: this is not a building, Leila, made by the hands of man; it is a complete city, built by the white ants, with roads and bridges, leading to galleries, royal apartments, nurseries, and magazines of provisions.”

“O, papa, how curious!—do tell me more about it.

“Well, Leila, let us go to the fountain, and seat ourselves in the shade under our favourite tree; we shall be far more comfortable there.”

Leila bounded on before, and soon was seated in eager expectation.

“And now, papa,” she exclaimed, as Mr. Howard placed himself by her side, “do begin.”

“Why, Leila, I am afraid I cannot tell you much more on the subject; but I recollect reading

a very interesting paper by Smeathman relating to white ants, and he describes them as a very interesting little nation, consisting of kings, queens, soldiers, and labourers. The birds, as you know, are sad enemies to white ants; they are constantly darting upon them when they are running about on the surface of the ground, and conveying them off to feed their young, and in some countries they are used as food by the natives, and considered as a great delicacy: they are said to be, when fried, like sugared cream, or a paste of sweet almonds; however, there are still a great many white ants which escape both birds and men, and at certain seasons of the year the labourers run about on the surface of the ground in search of a king and queen to rule over them, and when they meet with a couple of handsome, well-shaped, perfect ants, with four wings apiece, they choose them for their king and queen; and to protect them from birds and frying-pans, they immediately enclose them in a royal chamber built of clay, and appoint soldiers and attendants to watch over them. A number of other chambers and nurseries are built all around the royal apartment, which, for security is always placed in the centre of the building, and still further to ensure their safety, the entrance is made too small to admit of their ever leaving it; for the king and queen, enjoying a

life of ease and luxury, soon become such large majestic-looking ants, that they would assuredly stick in the door-way were they to attempt getting out; whereas the soldiers and labourers who have the flesh worked off their little bones with constant employment, continue to pass swiftly and easily out and in. The eggs which the queen deposits are carried to the nurseries by the labourers who take charge of the young when they are hatched, and as their numbers increase, and those nurseries become too small, they pull them down and build larger."

"What clever ants, papa! I am sure I could not do that."

"Indeed, Leila, you could not. Your green parlour, which you have been admiring so much, and all the different arrangements I have been contriving there, dwindle into insignificance compared to the contrivance and wonderful arrangement of these little creatures. It would seem as if they were aware from the first that their nurseries would require to be enlarged; the royal apartment, the different chambers for the soldiers and labourers, and the magazines for their provisions, are all built of clay, which soon hardens and becomes like mason work; but the nurseries are built entirely of wood, joined together by a species of gum, and easily taken to pieces. At first they are all built

close to the royal apartment, but as the numbers of the young increase, more and more room is requisite, and additional nurseries are constructed both beyond the other chambers and above them, and as the ceilings of those are all arched, and also the passages and galleries leading to them, they help to support each other; but in this increased state of the building the soldiers and labourers seem to consider themselves as rather oppressed with work; and no wonder, for they have to wait upon the king and queen, who require more attendance as they advance in life. They have to carry wood, and water, and provisions, and to trot about with the eggs to the different nurseries, and to watch over the young; so to make those new rooms more easy of access, they sometimes build staircases to them, and when they are far removed from the queen's chamber, they shorten the distance by throwing a bridge across. Smeathman mentions one of those bridges, which was half an inch broad, a quarter of an inch thick, and ten inches long."

"O, papa, do not stop, tell me more about them. How can such little creatures make such a large building?"

"They do it, Leila, by the most constant patience and industry; they are never a moment idle; they are not like some little girls

who used to tire sadly when they had long frills to hem."

"But, papa, you know I have no frills to hem here, or I think, may be, I should not tire now."

"No, my love, you certainly have not frills to hem, but you have many other things to do, which require patience and perseverance. You must now try to resemble those little ants, and patiently pursue your task till you have made it perfect."

"But how can they work it up so high, papa?"

"I see, Leila, you are breathless at the very idea of such a labour, and no wonder. Do you know that those buildings are more than five hundred times the height of the ants themselves? Only think of our attempting to build houses five hundred times as high as ourselves; why, they would reach to the clouds; and those little creatures show the most wonderful skill and contrivance in their buildings, which first make their appearance above ground by a little turret or two in the shape of sugar-loaves; soon after, whilst those are increasing in height and size, they raise others, and go on adding to their number, and widening them at the bottom, till their works below are covered with those turrets; for they have chambers, and galleries, and passages below ground as well as above.

The highest turret is always in the middle, and by filling up the space between each with clay, they collect them into one roof or dome, and when by their joining them the roof is completed, for which purpose the turrets answer as scaffolds for them to work upon, they take away the middle turrets entirely, except the parts which, joined together, make a kind of crown or cupola; and that nothing may be lost, they carry water and moisten the clay which they have taken down again, and make use of it in building the chambers, and nurseries, and galleries within."

"Papa, it is as wonderful as a fairy tale—I hope you are not going to stop yet?"

"Yes, my love, I am; we will talk more about the ants to-morrow or another day; but let us return now. As this is to be a holiday, I have promised nurse to endeavour to procure a dish of trout for dinner: and are you not impatient, Leila, to get back to your green parlour, and see what the rabbits and turtle-doves are about? Both nurse and I have been taking great pains for some time back to train Dash and Selina to be on good terms with them, but we must not trust too much to such friendships."

"And so nurse knew the secret of the surprise, papa? and did she help you to make the beautiful basket and the cage?"

“ No, my love, that has been my morning’s work for some days past, when you were fast asleep. Had this been my first attempt at wicker work, I could not have accomplished it so easily. I used to make baskets for my little sisters. There was a basket-maker in our village who had a large family, and my sisters often employed themselves in making clothes for his children. He was very grateful, and allowed me to come and see him at work, and then he offered to teach me to make a basket for each of my sisters. You see, Leila, it is well to learn as much as possible in youth, for we cannot tell of what importance it may prove at some one time or other in one’s life. Now let us proceed, my love, and return to our green parlour.”

“ Yes, papa; and I will try to persevere like the ants; and when I have played with my rabbits and my turtle-doves for a little, I will go back to the cave to my tiresome job again.”

“ And what is your tiresome job, Leila?”

“ Seeking for a needle in the gravel, papa, which I threw away yesterday when I had finished mending my frock.”

“ Threw away, Leila!”

“ Yes, papa. You see I wished very much to go and walk with you, but nurse said my frock must first be mended; so I worked as fast as ever I could, and when I came to the end of

the great, long tear, I snapped off my thread in a great hurry and threw away the needle. So then nurse was angry : she said it would require the patience of a saint to manage me ; and she made me sit down on the ground and look for the needle for half an hour ; and she says I am to look for it every day for half an hour till I find it.

“ Nurse is quite right, my child, and you see into what errors this impatience of temper is constantly leading you. I entreat, Leila, that you may watch over yourself, and never cease to implore God’s assistance to enable you to get the better of this fault ; and never let me hear of your throwing away another needle.”

“ No, papa, I will not ; for you see we have very few needles here ; we had only eleven when nurse counted yesterday morning, and if I don’t find this one there will be only ten, which will make her look very sorry for a long time, for she counts the needles here every morning, just as she used to do the silver teaspoons at home.”

Poor nurse ! she was a person of but limited capacity, although of deep feelings : and the loss of a needle, in her present circumstances, certainly for some days afterwards did materially affect her spirits. She would willingly have laid down her life for her master or his child : but

although an almost daily sufferer from Leila's impatience of temper, she did not, in her remonstrances with the child, strike at the root of the evil. On such occasions, as the throwing away of a needle, she would dwell upon the loss itself, not upon the want of temper which led to that loss; and, for more serious faults, would overwhelm Leila with a number of weak reasons for her displeasure, at the moment that the child was beyond the power of all reason. But from Mr. Howard's unceasing care and judicious management, Leila derived incalculable advantages. Aware how difficult it is for even the wisest and the best of men to preserve always the same calm, cheerful temper, and conscious there are seasons when a kind of morbid sensitiveness and uncalled-for irritability preys upon the spirits of all, he felt that the greatest sympathy and forbearance were requisite with regard to a child who, with the most affectionate disposition and the keenest feeling of what was right, had yet to struggle with a temper naturally hasty and impatient of control. There were times too, when, from some slight bodily indisposition, Leila could not give her attention to what she was about, and when all employment of a grave nature was irksome to her: at such moments, Mr. Howard was always careful to avoid every thing which could jar upon her feelings; and,

far from exacting that attention which she could not have given, and which would only have produced unpleasant irritation, he would, by inviting her to some lighter study, or engaging her in interesting conversation, lull to sleep those unpleasant tempers, which she never gave way to without strong feelings of remorse. Thus did he, by a steady, yet gentle sway, watch over and dispel those little clouds which, under nurse's well-meaning but unskilful management, would soon have produced the whirlwind and the storm.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning, as soon as the daily lessons were over, Leila was all impatient to lead her papa back to the subject of the ants, which had taken strong possession of her imagination.

“Papa,” she said, “I have been thinking a great deal about those ants; I wonder if I ever shall become as industrious and as patient as they are. But then you know, papa, they have a great deal of variety too, and the little ants had nice large nurseries to play about in, and they would see the improvements going on when their nurseries were making larger, and that’s just what I should have liked very much; and then the old ants had nice trotting about, carrying the water and the provisions, and arranging the eggs, and taking care of the little ones; but do you think they would have patience to look after a needle for a half an hour every day till they found it?”

“Why, Leila, as to that, I rather think they would consider a needle as a very formidable weapon, and probably better lost than found;

but as to their patience, the younger Huber tells us of a single ant who, without any assistance from others, began and completed an avenue or gallery of two or three inches long, leading from one of the stories to the underground chambers. It was an ant of the dark ash coloured species—for there are many different kinds of ants—and it selected a rainy day for its operations, which they are fond of doing, as it saves them the labour of carrying water to moisten the earth. This active little labourer began by digging the ground near the entrance to the ant-hill. It placed in a heap the earth it had scraped up, and formed it into little balls, which it deposited here and there upon the nest; then traced a straight line to the under chambers, by at first slightly hollowing the ground, and afterwards, by giving this line greater breadth and depth, completed an avenue of the most perfect regularity.”

“I think, papa, the ants are even more clever than the bees which you used to tell me about in India: I shall be more sorry than ever now when I see the birds snapping them up, for I like them very much.”

“My dear Leila, you know I have already explained to you the necessity there is for one creature preying upon another, that their numbers may not increase too rapidly; but, in spite of this, you will be sorry to hear that your little

favourites have another enemy to contend with, quite as formidable as the birds."

"And what is that, papa?"

"It is the grub of the ant-lion, my love. It is an insect of a gray colour, with a body composed of rings, like a caterpillar; it has only six legs, but a most formidable pair of jaws, in the form of a reaping-hook, with which it sucks the juices of the ants, on which it feeds."

"O the cruel wretch! I just hate it, papa; but can it go quick? Caterpillars do not go quick: why do the ants not run away?"

"So far from going quick, Leila, it can only walk backwards; and even that movement it performs in a very slow and awkward manner."

"Well, I am very glad; for the ant runs so cleverly, that it will not be able to catch one."

"Yes, my love, the activity and swiftness of the ants would indeed render it impossible for it to make a single capture, and it would fare but sparingly were it not for the ingenuity of its stratagems; but the benevolent Creator of all has given in this, as well as in almost every other case, additional powers to the animal, to balance its privations. The ant-lion is extremely sagacious; and although it cannot run after its prey, it can prepare the means to entrap it."

“And how does it do that, papa?”

“Bonnet, who has written on the subject, my love, tells us that he has repeatedly watched over the whole operation. The snare which the ant-lion employs is a pit formed of loose sand, at the bottom of which it lies in wait for the ants which chance to stumble over the margin, and cannot, from the looseness of the walls, regain their footing and effect their escape. Its traps are of various sizes, from one to three inches round. When it intends to make one of considerable size, it proceeds as methodically as the most skilful architect could do. He says that at first ‘it examines the nature of the ground, whether it be sufficiently dry and firm for its purpose; and if so, it begins by tracing out a circle where the mouth of the trap is intended to be: having thus marked the limits of its pit, it proceeds to scoop out the interior: getting within the circle, and using one of its legs as a shovel, it places with it a load of sand on the flat part of its head, and then throws this sand with a jerk some inches beyond the circle.’”

“What a curious creature, papa! I should like to see it make its trap; but how tired its little leg must be!”

“Yes, Leila, were it always to use the same leg, it would be tired indeed; but it seems to

be quite of opinion that time-about is fair play ; it never uses but one leg at a time, and always that one nearest the centre of the circle. Working with the greatest industry, it quickly makes the round, and, as it works backward, arrives at the point where it began ; but instead of proceeding in the same direction as before, it considers that this leg has already done good service ; so, wheeling round its body, it works a round in the contrary direction, and in this way avoids throwing all the fatigue of the labour on one leg, changing them at every round of the circle. If it had only sand and loose earth to remove, it might work away with its shovel till the whole operation was completed ; but what is to be done when a stone comes in its way, which would materially injure the perfection of its trap ? and this very often happens in the course of its labours ; and sometimes just as it has been about to finish them."

"Well, papa, I am very glad it meets with stones ; and I hope its trap will always be quite spoilt, and that it will go away as angry as can be."

"No, Leila, its patience and industry are inexhaustible, and such obstacles as this only make it redouble its efforts to remove the obstruction. If the stone be small, it contrives to jerk it out in the same way as it does the sand ; but should

the stone be two or three times larger than its own body, it is a more serious business; it generally leaves it till the last, and when all the sand which is necessary has been removed, it sets about this grand operation with a sort of desperate resolution. Crawling back to the place where the stone is, and thrusting its tail under it, it contrives, with a jerk of its body, to get it properly balanced on its back: this is no easy matter; but having been accomplished, off it sets again, to crawl carefully up the sides of the pit, most anxious to deposit its heavy burden on the outside of the circle; but frequently these stones are round, and then it is no small difficulty to preserve the balance, travelling, with its load upon its back, up a slope of loose sand, which is ready to give way at every step; and often when the creature has got up almost to the very top, and is drawing a long breath, down rolls the stone off its back to the very bottom of the pit again."

Leila clapped her hands with delight: "O dear, I am so happy!" she exclaimed; "and now I hope it never tries to take it up any more, but goes away, nasty beast, and lets the poor ants alone."

"No, Leila, it is not so easily discouraged; it will renew the attempt five or six times till it succeeds; or if that is impossible, or if it finds

a stone which is too big for it to attempt removing at all, it immediately begins another pit in a fresh situation."

"Then, papa, I think it has a great deal too much patience, and I wish it would rather get into a passion and stamp its foot, and then all the sand would fall down and bury it. I don't like the ant-lion at all—I cannot like it."

"But, Leila, you forget that it does all this to preserve its own life; it could not exist without food."

"Well, papa, if it must eat so much, tell me, then, what it does next, if the stone does not roll off its back?"

"Why, my love, when the pit is completed, it is generally about two inches deep, and contracts into a point at the bottom, where the ant-lion stations itself to watch for its prey, and buries itself in the sand, leaving nothing but its jaws above the surface ready to seize the poor little ants, who, running too near the edge of the pit, slide down amongst the loose sand, and become its victims; it sucks their blood only, and then tosses the dry carcass beyond the pit; then mounting up to the top, it carefully repairs any damage the sides of it may have sustained, and again buries itself as before, to watch for another victim."

"Indeed, papa, I quite hate this cruel ant-lion,

and if I saw the poor little ants going near its trap, I should always push them away."

"Well, Leila, I see it is in vain to plead its cause with you, and I fear it is quite useless now that I should go on digging those pits for the goats which you have been taking such an interest in lately, for you will be warning them also off the ground; indeed, I begin to suspect, from the constant disappointments I have hitherto met with, that you have been doing so already."

"O no, papa; indeed I have not, for you do not lie at the bottom of the pit with two great jaws, and suck the blood of the poor goats."

"No, Leila, it is not quite such a bloody business, to be sure; our intentions with regard to the goats are very innocent at present, whatever our necessities may one day lead us to do; but go, my love, to your green parlour, and remain with nurse; it is too hot for you to attempt climbing the hill to-day."

"Then why should you go, papa? I am sure it will make you ill too, and you never see a ship, although you go every day, papa."

"Because, my love, I think it right to avail myself of every possible chance of making our situation known. From the hill we see all around, and, by using my telescope, to a great distance; and were I to discover a vessel, I

should immediately light a fire on the top of the hill, in the hope that either that or the flag, which we have already hoisted there, might be seen. In short, it is my duty, Leila, to make every possible effort to effect our removal from this island ; the rest is in the hands of God."

"O papa, I should be so sorry to go away ! I like the cave and my green parlour so very much ; and I have so many friends here : I have you, papa, and nurse, and my four white hens and my cock, and Dash and Selina, and thirteen chickens, and my two white rabbits, and my two turtle-doves ; and then I have my family of little boys and girls,—Bob, Harry, and Billy, Fanny, Lucy, and Kitty. Do you think, papa, that the captain would let me take all my birds and beasts into the cabin with me ?"

"Indeed, Leila, I am afraid he would not."

"Then I should not like to go away at all. How sorry my little boys and girls would be ! They know me quite well now, papa. When they see me come out in the morning, they come down from the rocks to be fed ; they never go far away, although they can fly quite well. And do you know, that this morning Fanny came up quite close and hopped upon my shoe, and then she looked up in my face and laughed."

"Get along, you little fairy," exclaimed Mr.

Howard; "I am sure it would make any one smile to hear you run on in this way."

Leila sprang from her father's side, her light step seeming scarce to touch the ground as she flew along: and before Mr. Howard had crossed the rivulet to ascend the hill, she was in her green arbour, holding her rural court amidst her little favourites.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR many days after this period, Mr. Howard and Leila continued regularly to inspect the pits for the goats every morning, but met only with disappointment; and the little girl's patience was almost exhausted, when one morning, having as usual bounded on before her papa, she flew back exclaiming,

"Come quick, papa, come quick, for I am sure something has happened. The branches have been disturbed, I am sure they have; and there are two little kids stretching their necks, and peeping down into the hole, and I do believe that their mamma has popped in, and they are wishing to go to her. Do come quick, papa;" and she took hold of her papa's hand, and drew him along.

Mr. Howard quickened his pace, but Leila was not satisfied.

"Papa, are you ill?" she inquired.

"No, my love; what makes you think so?"

"Because you are walking so slow, papa—so much slower than you used to walk."

“You are mistaken, Leila; it is your own impatience which makes you think so; and why should you hurry on in this way, and put yourself out of breath? it will make but the difference of a very few minutes.”

“But, papa, we are keeping the poor goat waiting for us so very long.”

“Why, Leila, depend upon it, the poor goat is by no means impatient for our arrival; she will not be much pleased when she does see us, I fear.”

“Will she not, papa?” I am sorry for that; but then we shall be so very kind to her that she will soon like us, and I will play with her little kids, and make them some butter.”

But the little kids, not being aware of Leila's kind intentions, were much frightened on her approach; and although they did not seem to wish to go any great distance, they ran round and round the pit in much consternation, and it was in vain that she attempted to secure them—they eluded her grasp with the greatest nimbleness.

“Leave the poor little things,” said Mr. Howard; “I do not wish you to catch them at present. I am glad to see they are old enough to crop the tender grass which is around, so there will be no fear of their starving; but, Leila, we must do what will appear to you very

cruel. We must leave the poor goat without food till to-morrow morning."

"O papa, why should you do that? I shall be so very sorry for the poor goat."

"Because, my love, it is the only method we have of taming it; the kids are young, and will easily be reconciled to their new mode of life; but with the goat, who has so long been accustomed to ramble about at large, more severe methods are necessary. Were we to attempt to lead it home now, and to feed it, it would make strong resistance; but by to-morrow morning, when subdued by hunger, we shall probably have no trouble in securing it, and I have no doubt it will gladly take its food from our hands. Now, my love, let us proceed to examine the other pits, for the goats generally come down from the high grounds in flocks, and I have great hopes that this may not be the only prisoner we have entrapped."

Mr. Howard was right, for although the two next pits were empty, in the fourth they found another goat, with a little kid by its side; the kid was lying down, and the goat stood over it in a melancholy attitude. Mr. Howard seemed to think it had probably been bruised by its fall, and Leila was all eagerness that her papa should go down into the pit to ascertain the exact nature of the injury it might have re-

ceived: but this he declined doing, for, on Dash's sudden approach, the little kid sprang to its feet, and although lame, it evidently was not much hurt.

Dash appeared willing to have taken the investigation upon himself, and seemed much inclined to leap into the pit; but Leila, not quite satisfied with the nature of his intentions, clung round his neck to prevent him; and her papa, terrified that they might both roll in together, gave the word of command that they should follow him, and was instantly obeyed.

They had proceeded but a few yards, when they met Selina panting and out of breath with the exertions she had made in searching after them. She had been first to the rice-grounds, and then to the green parlour, but found only nurse, looking so stolid and sedate as to offer but a tiresome substitute for her lively little mistress.

"My poor Selina!" exclaimed Leila, "you are too late to see the goats and the little kids; how sorry I am that you are disappointed, and you look so tired and so hot; but you shall have a ride home to make up for it. Come here, Dash:" and as she spoke, she placed Selina on his back, and Dash proceeded, wagging his tail and in high good-humour.

"Look, papa," she continued, "Dash is quite

accustomed now to carry Selina; see, he likes it, for he is wagging his tail, and she does not sneeze at him now, or huff or put up her back. They like one another very much now; I have been teaching them to be kind friends, for every day when I go out to feed all my animals, my chickens, and my turtle-doves, and my rabbits, I always take Dash and Selina with me, and then we take a walk together to the rice-grounds or to the green parlour, and I put Selina on Dash's back when we are coming home, to teach him to be polite and kind to her. I am glad, papa, to see Selina so happy, and Dash so good. I should like if all the animals in the world were happy and good, but the poor goats are not happy. When I am eating my dinner, I shall always be thinking they have no dinner—it makes me sorry. Are you sorry, papa?"

"Yes, my love, I am sorry for the poor goats; but you know, Leila, we are doing it for their good. We are punishing them in this way, that they may be more happy afterwards."

"Yes, papa, and that is what you tell me God does to us; he punishes us, and makes us sorry, that we may grow good, and be more happy after; but then we know that God is always there, and that he will do the best for us, and that comforts us; but the poor goats do not know about God, and they do not know

that to-morrow God will send us to take them out of the pit, and bring them home to such a pleasant cave, and to give them food. I wish they knew that God is taking care of them. I am glad I am not a goat or a little kid. Is this one of the blessings, papa, that I should be grateful for?"

"Yes, my love, you should be deeply grateful that God has made you above the brutes which perish, that he has given you an immortal soul capable of everlasting happiness. Think, Leila, how precious in the sight of God must be that soul. Will not He that has given us his own Son to die for us, freely give us all things? that is, Leila, if we do not forget God."

"But, papa, do any people forget God? How can they forget him, when all the things in the world put them in mind of God? Do they not know, papa, that he made every thing? and then he has made a great many things very beautiful. They should look at the green trees, papa, and at the beautiful clear water when the sun is dancing in it. If they were to sit under the fountain-tree, they would not forget God; but perhaps they have not a fountain-tree in their country; but they have flowers. Have they not flowers in England, papa?"

"Yes, my love—many beautiful flowers."

"And does not that make them think about

God? Do they not know that he made the flowers? When I am walking with Dash and Selina, I am always gathering flowers and putting them together, but I never can find two the same; and then, when I sit down and spread them all out on the grass, it makes me think how wonderful it is that God can make them all different, and paint them all so beautifully, and with such bright colours. I did a thing yesterday—I don't know if you will think it a right thing for me to do: I pulled a flower all to pieces, that I might see if I could put it together again; but, papa, I could not. I tried a long time, but I could not get a single leaf to stand upon the stalk, they always fell down; so I threw it away, for I was sorry to see it destroyed. But I was not impatient then, papa; for I said to myself, Leila, it is only God that can make the flowers; he has made them all out of nothing, but Leila cannot make even one leaf. So then I came home to tell you about it, but you were not there, and I wanted to go to the rice-grounds, where I thought you would be working; but nurse was watching for me, and she caught me up, and sent me to look for half an hour for that abominable needle. I am sure I shall never throw away another needle in all my life.

“Leila, you must not talk in that way; and it

this daily task which nurse has imposed on you has had the effect of making you more patient, and also of your resolving to be more careful in future, I shall think your half hour each day has been very usefully employed."

"More patient, papa!" Leila repeated in a low voice, while the colour mounted to her forehead.

"Yes, my love; have you not been rather more patient of late?"

"Not yesterday, papà; that is, not when nurse caught me up, for it made me angry, and I spattered the sand all about, and kicked it up; and when nurse was not looking, I made a face at her, and I took up a handful of sand to throw."

"O Leila, my child!" exclaimed Mr. Howard.

"Now, papa, don't look frightened, for the end was good. I stopped, papà; I did not throw the sand at nurse; I put it down quite softly, and I smoothed it over with my hand, more smooth than it ever was before, and then I lay down on the ground, and I looked for half an hour for the needle, and in all my life I never was so patient before;—so you see it was a good end. Nurse is always saying, 'A good beginning commonly makes a good end;' but it was a bad beginning, papà, that made that good end; but I see nurse watching for us, and I must run

and tell her about the goats and the kids. How glad she will be! and to-morrow she will begin to milk them, and I will help her. Good-bye, papa, I wish you could run as fast as Dash and Selina and I;" and in a minute she was gone, followed by her faithful companions. Nurse received Leila's intelligence with quite as deep an interest as she had anticipated. Various were the plans which they arranged together during the rest of the day for the management of their little dairy, and they both retired to rest, equally anxious for the arrival of the morrow.

CHAPTER X.

NURSE'S dreams were of milkpails and churns, Leila's of goats and little kids; and when in full pursuit after a kid of milk-white appearance, and just as she was about to seize it, she awoke in breathless agitation, clasping the pillow to her breast.

The sun had been some time risen, the sides of the cave were sparkling in its bright beams, and from the open casement the cool, refreshing air of early day had been for some time fanning Leila's cheek, and giving elasticity to her whole frame. She started from her bed, and, with nurse's assistance, was quickly dressed.

Mr. Howard's slumbers had been more profound, yet he too had had his morning dream. He fancied himself under the fountain-tree, listening to the gentle murmur of the running stream, and to the cooing of the turtle-doves in the neighbouring thicket. Leila lay on the grass beside him, surrounded by the brightest flowers. "See, papa!" she exclaimed, "how

beautifully God has painted them all for us, and how sweet they smell!"

Mr. Howard opened his eyes; Leila stood bending over the bed, holding a nosegay of bright flowers towards him, her blooming self, in his eyes, the brightest flower of all, and Heaven's best gift to him.

"I knew the smell of the flowers would awaken you, dear papa," she exclaimed, "and I thought it would be a pleasant wakening."

"Yes, Leila, to see you well and happy must always be a pleasant awakening to me."

"Papa, I think I am always well and happy; but do you know that in the morning I am more and more happy, for then I am expecting all the pleasures of the day, and every day, here, we have so many pleasures! But this is the happiest day of all, for this is the day the little kids are to come home—the dear, darling, delightful kids—are you not very happy, papa? And nurse is to milk the goats—to milk the goats, papa—only think of that. O do, do get up quick; think how hungry the goats must be."

"And how can I get up quick, if you scramble up upon my bed in this way, and keep hanging round my neck; begone, you little fairy, and leave me to my toilet."

"I am begone, papa, and good-bye; I hope you will be very quick, and I will go to the

rocks and search the nests for eggs for breakfast, and feed my hens and count my chickens;—and that will keep me in patience till you come.”

As soon as Mr. Howard had dressed, and prayers were over, he set out, accompanied by Leila and nurse, to release the prisoners, having first taken the precaution of shutting up Dash in the outer cave. The poor goats, who were found in a very low condition, were raised by means of ropes which Mr. Howard had brought with him for that purpose, and the little kid which had been hurt by its fall was carefully placed in a basket, and committed to nurse's care, while Mr. Howard led the way towards home with the unresisting goats, and Leila followed, leading the two little kids, which were tied together, and which seemed quite as anxious to follow their mother as she was to lead them on.

It was a distress to Leila when, on arriving at the enclosure prepared for them, her papa told her they must be separated, and she saw her little favourites shut into a smaller space of ground set apart for them; but soon her whole attention was engrossed by the long-expected pleasure of seeing the goats milked for the first time—an operation which nurse most successfully accomplished as soon as Mr. Howard had given them a little nourishment.

It would be difficult to describe Leila's de-

light, when a bowl of milk, still warm and covered with froth, was set before her at the breakfast-table.

“Papa,” she said, “I should like to give more thanks this morning, for God has been very gracious to us about these goats. First, he made these goats, then he led them into the pit, and now he has brought them home to us, and given us the milk.”

It was a subject of deep thankfulness to Mr. Howard to witness the increasing growth of religious feeling in Leila's young heart. Not a day passed that he did not see her reading her Bible under the shade of some green tree or projecting rock, and many beautiful psalms and chapters she had got by heart. From being conversant with no other book, her language was often scriptural, but with a simplicity and feeling of expression which made it extremely interesting. Her pure pleasures were all derived from the beauties of creation, by which she was surrounded: to her the noble descriptions in the book of Psalms were as so many living pictures. “The fields were joyful, the little hills seemed to laugh and sing, and all the trees of the wood to rejoice before the Lord.”

In conversing with her father, she was constantly led to raise her thoughts from creation to the Creator of all, to “Him who layeth the

beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind." In her admiration of all the magnificent objects around her, she silently acknowledged his power, and in all the innumerable blessings bestowed upon her she felt his love. Devotion with her was not an occasional feeling, or a set form of words; it was a simple but constant lifting up of the heart to Him who had made a world so beautiful, and placed her in it.

"Will you look at this sum, papa, and tell me if it is right?" exclaimed Leila next morning, as she finished adding up a long list of figures which she had traced upon the sand. "Do look, papa, I am trembling, trembling—I hope it is right."

"Yes, my love, it is quite right."

"Well, I am so glad! for you see, papa, I was thinking of something else a good deal of the time."

"Were you, Leila? I am sorry to hear it, for you know how anxious I am that you should endeavour to give your whole attention to the subject on which you are employed, and not allow your thoughts to wander. I never keep you long engaged at a time, on purpose that you may give me your whole attention. Wandering thoughts, my dear child, may lead you

into very grievous sin, for if indulged in at other times where attention is necessary, they will also intrude when engaged in your higher duties. You will be praising God with your lips, Leila, while your heart is far from him, and in this way become guilty of breaking the third commandment, by taking the name of the Lord your God in vain. Were your mind to be wandering on other subjects while addressing me, or asking any favour of me, I should be seriously displeased with you, my child; but how much deeper would be the guilt, were you to presume to address your heavenly Father, 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' while your mind was wandering on the vain trifles by which you were surrounded?"

"Papa, I will try not to think of other things: and I do try, but to-day I was thinking of something that I wished to tell you, and now that my lessons are over, may I tell it you?"

"Certainly, my love."

"It is not a great thing, papa; but it is, that nurse is preparing a surprise for you at dinner, and I am going to tell you what it is."

"Then, Leila, if you tell me, it will not be much of a surprise, I think."

"No, papa, not at dinner, but now it will be, and I asked nurse if I might tell you, and she said I might. You see, papa, the thing is, that

I like to tell you every thing that is good, and every thing that is bad I like to tell you. Nurse says it is a great event, but I think it one of the kind of things you call a trifle."

"Well, tell me now, you little woman—I am all impatience to hear."

"It is, papa, that nurse is making custards for dinner to-day."

Mr. Howard smiled. "Well, Leila, you are right—it certainly is one of the things I should call a trifle. However, as it is the first time you have had custards since we have been here, there is some excuse for your little mind wandering on the subject rather too much."

"Yes, papa, it is because it is the first time that nurse calls it a great event; for she says how could she have made custards before of the sea water, or even of the fountain spring—they would have been poor trash; but now she has the goat's milk, and she is to make them so good, she says. I am glad I have told you, papa, that you may have the pleasure of thinking of them as well as I, for I like you to have all my pleasures, both my great pleasures and my little ones, for you are my papa, and my friend, and my every thing: and what am I to you, papa?"

"You are my dearest earthly blessing, Leila, and still more dear to me from being the living

image of her who is now an angel in heaven. When your beloved mamma was taken from me, it was your infant smiles, my child, next to the consolations of my heavenly Father, that first spoke peace to my sad heart."

"Papa, I hope God will not take you away from me as he did my dear mamma, for I could not bear it. If nurse were away, and Dash and Selina, I should be sorry; but you would be there and you would comfort me; but if you were to die, papa, I should not care for any of them any more—I should not like to see the beautiful sun rise, or the golden skies, or to sit under the fountain-tree, or have any of my pleasures; I should like to lie down in my green bower and shut my eyes, and never open them again till I was in heaven with Jesus Christ, and with you, papa. You know Jesus Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them: how happy I should be if he took me in his arms in heaven, and blessed me, and gave me to you, papa, and to my dear mamma; then we should all be angels together singing his praise; we should never die any more, but be always good and always happy."

Mr. Howard was for some minutes too much agitated to speak, but struggling with his emotion he said, "Yes, my beloved child, my daily petition is, that we should all one day meet

around the throne of God, never more to be separated; but it must be his will that must be done in removing us, not ours. You must not say, dear child, that you could not bear any event which God might think good to send; he would give you the strength to bear it, and be more to you than any earthly parent. We must leave all in his hands; he only can make all work together for our good; let us trust to him entirely, for he is that support which can never fail. Our daily prayer should be, that we may be enabled to bless his holy name, equally for what he gives, what he takes away, and what he withholds. Now go, my little girl, home to nurse, for I mean to take a longer walk this morning than you would be able for, and when we meet at dinner, I will give you a history of my travels, and tell you all the wonderful discoveries I have made."

CHAPTER XL

LEILA sped fearlessly along the narrow pathway which overhung the cliff, custom now having made her familiar with its giddy height. As she gained the end of the chain of rocks, and turned the point, she caught sight of nurse at a distance, who, after placing something with great care on a ledge of rock close to the entrance, disappeared again into the interior of the cavern. Leila darted forward, exclaiming—

“It is the custards, I do believe, and nurse has filled our tea-cups with them—what a good contrivance.”

But just at that moment one of the white hens, emerging from the thicket, flew towards the object of her observation, and, before Leila could reach the spot, buried her head in the contents of one of the cups.

“You lazy, greedy, abominable hen!” she exclaimed, “get out with you; you give us hardly any eggs, and now you would steal our custards—get away, get away!” And she flew after the offending hen with no gentle intentions. Dash,

who in general was kept in strict order with regard to chasing the poultry, seemed to think that, on the present occasion, he might venture to follow the example of his little mistress; so joining in the pursuit, followed also by Selina, the luckless hen had nothing for it but to take wing, and flying into the air, she perched the next moment on the branch of a neighbouring tree, cackling out a torrent of wrath and indignation on her discomfited foes below.

Leila retraced her steps to the rock, and stood for a moment lost in admiration at the taste nurse had displayed. The dish which contained the custards was filled with green moss, the four cups were inserted in it, and surrounded with flowers; each cup had a gentle sprinkling of cinnamon on the top, which greatly heightened the effect. The appearance of the whole was indeed tempting in the extreme; but the smell! there was no resisting that. Eight years old—that dangerous age for custards!

“O how good they must be!” Leila inwardly exclaimed; “and how I should like to taste them! And why should I not?” she continued; “here are four cups full—we cannot eat all that at dinner—why should I not have a little now?” She was about to take the cup into her hand, but paused—“Why was I angry at the hen?”

she said to herself—"I said it was greedy to steal the cuſtards, and what am I wishing to do? No, I will not do it." She turned to enter the cave, but stopped again to take one more look. That look, how much did it increase her danger! "Here is one of the cups," she said, "that the hen has quite deranged; the cinnamon is all scattered about on the top—I cannot make it worse; surely I might take a little of this when the hen has taken it. I will lift it very gently; but how my hand shakes!—why does it shake?—how provoking!—there now, I have managed it nicely." The cup had nearly touched her lips, when again she paused. "Is this stealing?" she whispered to herself. "If papa were at a little distance looking at me, would I do this? And is not God always seeing me?" She gently replaced the cup, and, dropping on her knees, she clasped her little hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven: for a few moments she remained motionless, then getting up, she slowly entered the cavern.

"Nurse," she said, "if you please, I will look for the needle now for half an hour."

How now, Miss Leila, what is this? You have been engaged all the morning with your papa, and he said that, after lessons were over, you might amuse yourself and walk out with Dash and Selina. Here is Dash, poor fellow!

looking up at you now, and wagging his tail, quite impatient to accompany you."

"I am sorry Dash will be disappointed," Leila answered, in a mournful tone of voice; "but I would rather look for the needle now: if there is any more time before dinner, I can walk, and if not, never mind, it is no matter."

Nurse did not question her further; she knew that Leila was in the habit of imposing some restraint upon herself at those times when she felt dissatisfied with her own conduct, and she supposed that some cause for self-reproach must have arisen.

Leila stretched herself upon the sand, and Dash venting his disappointment in a few short barks, took up his station by her side. Patiently and in silence did she look for some time, but the search was vain. "Nurse," she exclaimed at last, "I do believe I never, never shall find that needle."

"Indeed, Miss Leila, I think so too; and as you have now looked for it so long a time, and really patiently for you, I think I must just make up my mind to the loss, and let you off now with your penance."

"O no, nurse, not to-day—don't let me off to-day. And do you know, now that I have looked so long, I am so interested to find it, I don't know if I should like to give it up. So I

will look to-day and to-morrow ; and the next day is Sunday, you know, our day of rest—so it is on Monday you should let me off, if I have not found it before that. How little the weeks are here, they go off so quick!—it just seems two days since it was Sunday, and I took that long walk with papa which interested me so much. Don't you like our island now, nurse? I dare say you like it better than England now."

"Indeed, Miss Leila, I cannot say that; for I have many friends in England that I should like very much to see again. When I was in England I often had a friend to step in to take a sociable cup of tea with me, and I was hoping all the voyage that I should soon have that comfort again; but it will be long before any friend of mine will step in here: I may put on my best cap and lappets, and my broad cherry-coloured ribbon that I have saved with such care; but where is the friend that will tell me here that I am just looking wonderful for my time of life, and that a better cup of tea could not have been made by any lady in the land? Oh! but those were happy days, Miss Leila, and my heart is heavy to think of them."

"And I am very sorry for that too, nurse; but then, you know, I like the island because so many pleasant things are here, and papa is

here to take a sociable cup of tea with me; but he does not do it, for he says sweet things are bad for me. A sociable cup of tea means a cup with a great deal of sugar, does it not?"

"No, Miss Leila; you don't understand me the least."

"Then what does it mean, nurse?"

"Dear me, Miss Leila, how am I to make you understand a sociable cup of tea? A sociable cup of tea is just a cup of tea, with a great deal of speaking about it."

"Then, nurse, papa does not give it me, for he never speaks about my tea: but he tells me about a great many things which are interesting; and then, you know, I have my other pleasures—my beasts, and my birds, and my trees, and my trouts, and my good hens, and my bad hens, and my—"

"O Miss Leila, it would confuse any body's head to hear you run on in this way!"

"Well then, nurse, I will not speak about my happiness; but you know I have a misfortune too—for if we don't go to England, I shall never see my little cousins, and I am often sorry when I think of that. I wish you could tell me more about them—I like to hear of them so much. What sort of faces have they—are their faces like yours, or like mine?"

"Dear me, Miss Leila! but they would be

fearful witches if they were like me. Would you have the little misses to have wrinkled faces, like so many withered apples, and spectacles on their noses? No, no; their faces are more like yours than mine, that's certain. But you know there are not two faces the same, which is a most wonderful thing, Miss Leila, when one thinks about it."

"Yes, that is just the same as the flowers; —I never can find two flowers the same. But has not every little girl one mouth, and one nose, and two eyes? how then can they be different?"

"I can't tell you, Miss Leila; but they are different."

"O, I know how it will be, nurse; I fancy some little cousins have a nose going west, and some have a nose going east, and one eye up, and one eye down; that would make them different, you know."

"Different! it would make them fearful to look upon, poor little things! But here am I chattering away to you in this way, and forgetting that I have the rest of the dinner to get ready." And nurse was just about to pass into the outer cave, when her steps were arrested by a joyful exclamation from Leila.

"The needle! the needle! nurse!" and she eagerly darted at what she thought the long

First paragraph of faint text.

Second paragraph of faint text.

Third paragraph of faint text.

Fourth paragraph of faint text.

Fifth paragraph of faint text.

Sixth paragraph of faint text.



hidden treasure; but, alas! it proved to be only a little bit of a slender stalk of hay, to which some of the sparkling sand had adhered. The heavy sigh of disappointment which Leila breathed, went to nurse's heart.

"Never mind, my dear child," she said, "don't vex your little heart about the needle any more; go to your walk now, and amuse yourself."

"Just in a few minutes, nurse, I will go," Leila answered, for a sudden thought had darted into her mind; and as nurse left the inner cavern, she got up, and taking a needle out of her pocket-book, she held it up to Dash, then pointing to the sand, exclaimed, "Seek, Dash, seek!"

In a moment his nose was thrust into the sand, which, to Leila's infinite amusement, he kept spattering about in all directions; suddenly he uttered a quick short bark, as if in pain, and tossing up his head in the air, she beheld the needle sticking in his nose. Snatching it out she burst into a peal of laughter. Dash looked up in her face in astonishment, and Selina, springing from the other side of the cave, leaped on his back, to investigate the matter more nearly, while nurse, trotting in as fast as her short little legs would permit from the outer cave, stood in the midst of the group, a keen partaker both of Leila's joy and merriment.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was after a ramble of more than an hour that Leila, on returning home, saw her papa at a distance, and ran joyfully towards him, exclaiming, "I have found it! I have found it!"

"Found what?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Found the needle, papa."

"And where did you find it, my love?"

"Sticking in Dash's nose, papa."

"In Dash's nose, Leila?"

"Yes, papa; was it not such a good thing that it came into my head?"

"Into your head, Leila? Why, you told me this moment it was in Dash's nose."

"And so it was, papa; but you make me laugh so, I can't tell you. You see, papa, the way was this—it came into my head to make Dash look for it, so I showed him a needle and bade him seek; and O how he spittered and spattered about the sand, and made such a fuss; and then he tossed up his head with a bark, to tell me the needle was in his nose—and there it was sticking. The excellent good dog, papa,

to make a needle-cushion of his nose for me!—not a pin-cushion, you know, papa, but a needle cushion; was it not funny?”

“Indeed, Leila, I do think it was very funny; and what other strange sight is this we have got here; what new species of flowering shrub is this springing up amongst the rocks? Nurse seems to have implicit confidence in the honesty of your four-footed favourites, Leila, when she could leave any thing so tempting within their reach.”

Leila coloured deeply—she placed her hand on Mr. Howard’s arm, as if to detain him from entering the cave; he felt that she trembled exceedingly.

“Leila, my child, what has happened?”

“Papa,” she answered, still trembling, “do not go in to nurse yet; stop with me one moment; I cannot be happy till I have told you every thing.”

And she did tell every thing, and with such perfect openness and simplicity, as carried instant conviction to Mr. Howard’s mind of the truth of her statement; for, on closer observation, he had observed the suspicious appearance of one of the cups.

“And O, papa,” she exclaimed, as she concluded, “I am so glad I did not do it, for you would have been so sorry.”

“I should indeed have been sorry, my child; and had you yielded to this temptation, it might have led you into other grievous sins—you might have been tempted, Leila, to tell an untruth to conceal your fault. O give thanks to God, my child, for his having given you his grace at that moment of weakness, which alone enabled you to act as you have done, and to fill my heart with joy at this moment, instead of bitter sorrow!”

“Yes, papa, I prayed for strength, and I did not feel the least wish to do that wicked thing after that. The first time I was going to take it I did not pray, I only said, ‘No, I will not do it;’ and then I turned to look at it again, and wished to take it more than ever; but the second time, papa, when I went upon my knees, I prayed to God to take the wickedness out of my heart, and to give me good thoughts, that I might not wish to do wicked things any more; and I was so comfortable, papa, after that, that I am sure he heard me.”

“Yes, my dear child, God is ever near to help those who in sincerity lift up their hearts to him. At first you were trusting in your own strength, and were on the point of a very grievous fall. But remember that even in the most trifling things, where your heart condemns you, if you yield to the temptation, forsaking the

perfect law of God, you have, like Eve, suffered the wicked spirit to beguile you. Do not suppose, because it seems a small offence, that you are free from the charge of breaking God's law. Eve only took the fruit from the tree and tasted it; but God had said, 'Of the fruit of this tree thou shalt not eat;' and by this act of disobedience she not only ruined her own happiness, but brought a curse on this fair world, which has already occasioned nearly six thousand years of sin, of sorrow, and of death. To redeem us from the power of that death was our Saviour sent; but it is only in heaven that war will be ended in a glorious victory and eternal peace. Think, my child, what it will be to have no more fear of falling into sin, no bitter tears of repentance to shed, to dwell for ever in the unspeakable happiness of God's love, to be with that blessed Saviour who has loved you from the beginning, to feel yourself pure even as he is pure, your whole soul filled with his glory, your whole heart overflowing with his praise. O Leila, how should we love Him who has prepared such a heaven for us!"

"Papa," inquired Leila, as they entered the cave together, "what is that you have got in your pocket-handkerchief, which is slung across your shoulders?"

“What have I got? why, Leila, you must guess. It is something for you—something you will like very much, I think.”

“Shall I, papa? Shall I like it as well as the custards? Does it taste sweet?”

“Why, my love, I hope you will not insist on ascertaining that point, for it certainly would not be improved by tasting; yet I trust it may turn out both sweet and clever.”

“Clever, papa? What can it be? O dear me, I do believe I saw it move! It is something alive, I am sure it is. There now! it moved again. It is a squirrel, I do declare. No, no, it is not. It is putting out its little head, and it is the head of a bird—of a green bird, papa.”

“And of a scarlet bird, Leila,” continued Mr. Howard, as he untied the handkerchief and presented her with a beautiful scarlet and green parrot.

“A parrot, papa!—is it not a parrot? O dear me, how delightful! and just what I was wishing so much to have—you lovely, beautiful bird! And I was wishing to eat you; only think of Leila wishing to swallow you up, you dear pet! but there is no fear of that, pretty creature; only I am so happy, I don’t know what to do. I should like to squeeze you to death,” and she kissed and caressed the poor

little frightened bird so, as really to put its life in no small danger.

“Leila,” interposed Mr. Howard, “you must restrain your affection; for you are alarming this poor little thing exceedingly. It is quite a young parrot, so it will not be difficult to tame; but feel only how its heart is fluttering now. We had better put it into the basket while we are at dinner; and when it is quieter, then we must try to feed it.”

“Yes, papa; and then I will begin to teach it to speak—I will teach it to speak both English and French, and I will begin to-night.”

“I think, my love, you had better not attempt those serious studies for some days, till it is more accustomed with the novelties which already surround it. Consider, Leila, it is in some respects in the same state with yourself—it is in a new world, and it has never seen a little girl before, nor has it ever seen an old gentleman either; and I dare say it is frightened out of its wits.”

“But, papa, you are not an old gentleman; and I am sure you could not frighten any body. I am not the least frightened for you, papa, when you are teaching me my lessons; indeed I am never frightened for you, I am always wishing to be with you; and when you go these long walks, I am so impatient for you to come

back, I think every minute that you are coming, and I stand still to listen for you calling 'Leila, Leila!' O how glad I am when I hear 'Leila!' sounding in the air! and it comes nearer and nearer. But sometimes I do not see you; for it is only a bird, and it is the wind which has brought the sound. How pleasant it is to listen to the sounds which the wind brings! And often I think I see you a far way off. To-day I thought I saw you sitting down; but when I came near, it was only a stump of an old tree."

"An old tree, instead of an old gentleman! Ah, Leila, Leila!"

"Now, papa, you are not to say you are an old gentleman, for you are quite young. But here comes our dinner; I am very glad; for I don't think I ever was so hungry before."

Nurse was much gratified by the approbation bestowed on the second course, and by Mr. Howard's assurances that no custards had ever had, to him, so sweet a flavour. Nurse congratulated herself on the skilful manner in which she had mixed the different ingredients, and Leila felt the happy consciousness, that both her papa's enjoyment and her own would have been very different, had she acted otherwise than what she had done.

"And now, papa," she said, as she seated

herself upon his knee after they had finished dinner, "tell me all your travels and all your discoveries, as you promised, and begin at the very beginning."

"Why, my love, the beginning was not so prosperous as the end; I walked on for a long way without discovering any thing new which could be of use to us, and at last, fatigued with the heat, I sat down under a tree. I soon became sensible of a pleasant hum of bees near the spot on which I was seated, which proceeded from the stump of an old tree—not the old gentleman you met with in your rambles, Leila, but probably his elder brother, for he was a very old stump indeed, quite hollow inside, and from this hollow the bees were flying merrily out and in; and on nearer inspection, I could discover combs richly filled with honey. Those combs will be a great treasure to us; but we must try to save the poor bees, and also must leave them sufficient honey to support them till they have made more. I have a powder in the medicine chest which I mean to burn close to the hollow, and the smoke from it will put the bees to sleep while I take part of their honey from them."

"That will be delightful; and do you remember about the goats? Now we can say, papa, that we are come to 'a land flowing with

milk and honey.' I wish nurse would not be like the children of Israel, and murmur."

"At what does nurse murmur, Leila?"

"She murmurs, papa, about a sociable cup of tea, with a great deal of speaking about it; and she says, 'nobody steps into the cave to tell her she is looking well for her time of life.'"

Mr. Howard could not refrain from smiling; but he represented to Leila, that poor nurse certainly had a great trial in being separated from all her friends, and having no one to talk to.

"But she has me, papa; and I often talk to her a great deal indeed, and then she says I deafen her. But tell me what more discoveries you made?"

"Well, my love, I returned to the tree to rest a little longer, but suddenly the pleasant hum of the bees was lost in such a clatter of strange sounds, as made me start to my feet; and on entering a grove of trees which was close to where I was seated, I saw such a congregation of monkeys as would indeed have astonished you; and some were leaping up and down, others sitting upright or hanging by their tails, and all grinning and chattering in a frightful manner."

"O, papa, do take me to see them; I should not be the least afraid—I should like so much to go!"

“Why, my love, I rather think it is too far for you to walk, but when the weather becomes cooler, I will endeavour to get you as far as the grove of monkeys. I am, however, very well pleased that they are at such a distance from us, for they might prove very unpleasant neighbours.”

“Then, papa, perhaps you would not like me to have a young monkey?”

“Indeed, Leila, I should not. I like to see you fond of your different pets, and to-day you have had a very pleasant addition to your numbers; but a young monkey would soon become the plague of your life; young or old, they are the most mischievous creatures in the world; they would chase your hens, worry your chickens and your beautiful parrot, and tear your frocks all to pieces; poor nurse would be in a sad state were we to introduce a monkey into our society.”

“Well then, papa, I don't wish to have a monkey to worry my chickens and my beautiful parrot; I like my little kids much better; to-day, when I went to feed them, the kid which was so much hurt did not run away from me, although it can run quite well now; it stood still, and ate out of my hand. But tell me what more you saw—what did you discover next?”

“My next discovery, Leila, was a much more

useful one. On walking a good deal farther on, I came upon a plantation of very tall reeds, and, on cutting one of them, I discovered them to be sugar-canes. They are not yet ripe, but in a very short time some of them will be fit for gathering; I will then cut them into small pieces and bruise them, that the sap or juice may run from them, and we must boil this juice and make it into sugar. Look here, Leila, I have brought home a piece of cane which is almost quite ripe; I will cut it again at this point, that the juice may flow out, and you shall taste it. The little negro children in the West Indies are very fond of sucking the sugar-cane; they get quite fat at the time the sugar is making, for it is very nourishing. There now, you may suck that; how do you like it?"

"It is excellent, papa—I like it very much indeed. But how is this juice made into sugar?"

"By being frequently boiled, my love; the coarse or impure parts rise to the top when boiled, and this scum is taken off as it rises, till the juice becomes clear; it is then put into very shallow wooden vessels, and in cooling, the sugar separates itself into grains from the treacle, which is drained off from it. It is very lucky for us that the canes which I saw to-day are in different stages of ripeness, for we can manage to make very little sugar at a time, for want of

proper vessels to boil it in ; and the whole boiling must be done in a day, or the juice would ferment and spoil—it would become vinegar instead of sugar ; but vinegar also will be of use to us ; so that altogether, Leila, I am much pleased indeed with the discovery I have made. My next adventure was with your young parrot ; very probably to-day it may have left its nest for the first time, for, as I was walking towards home it suddenly flew down from a tree, and alighted near my foot ; it again took wing, but it could not rise to any height in the air, but, after pursuing it for a little way, it became exhausted, and I took it prisoner, tied it up in my handkerchief, and brought it home to you.”

“ I am so glad you brought it home, papa, for I did wish so very much to have a parrot. When it is able to speak, will you let it sit at dinner with us, for I am going to teach it to be very polite, and always to say, ‘ A little more meat, if you please, Miss Leila ;’ and ‘ I will thank you, sir, for a glass of wine.’ O, I wish I had been with you to help you to catch it ! I had a chase too, papa ; but it was not a nice chase, after a parrot or any kind of bird. I saw something white flying in the air like feathers, and I ran after it, and Dash and Selina ran too ; we ran, and ran, a great way, and at last it alighted on a bush, and I came up to it as quickly as I could ;

but the breeze rose and carried it away again in the air, and it mounted up so high I scarce could see it; then down it came again, softly, softly; and I caught it just as it was getting near the ground. I have kept it to show to you, papa, for it is like cotton; but how did cotton come here?" and Leila, as she spoke, took a small tuft of cotton from her breast.

"Why, Leila," exclaimed Mr. Howard, "you also have been fortunate in your discoveries to-day, for it certainly is cotton, and may be most useful to us. This seems to have been from a cotton plant, which is a finer species than that which the tree produces—which way did you walk to-day?"

"Beyond the fountain, papa."

"Well, my love, I was just about to propose that we should finish this pleasant day by a short walk; so take up your guitar, and we will have a little music together under the fountain-tree. I have not heard you sing, 'Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,' or, 'Come unto these yellow sands,' for some day past. There is not much hope of meeting with any cotton plants by the way, for I am sure I should already have discovered them, had they been so near us. The wind may probably have carried this tuft of cotton from a distance, but to-morrow I shall try to discover more on this subject. We must

walk in the same direction in which the wind blew to-day, and if cotton is to be found within our reach, I will make a distaff both for you and nurse, that you may spin it into thread; then you will always have a supply for mending your clothes, and will also be able to knit more stockings when required—you have wires in your workbox, have you not?"

"Yes, papa, I have the whole caseful of wires which were sent to me from England; I have not lost one; and nurse is always wishing she had cotton to work more stockings; so she will be very glad. We must tell her the good news as we pass."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not the least pleasant hour of this pleasant day in which Mr. Howard sat singing and conversing with his child; and as Leila sang to her guitar, and the beams of the setting sun fell on her youthful countenance, she seemed so nearly allied to the spirits of the air, that her papa suddenly caught his own Ariel to his breast, as if anxious to ascertain the reality of his treasure.

The sun had sunk into its bed of rest, the stars were out, and still they lingered, for Leila had always some remark to make, or question to ask.

“Papa,” she said, “O do not let us go home just yet, for it is so pleasant here. The sea-breeze is so refreshing when it comes upon our faces; and don’t you like to hear that sweet sound from the rivulet, and to smell the flowers?—how much I like this fountain-tree! I do believe it is the most delightful tree in all the world. Do you think, papa, there are any other fountain-trees as delightful?”

“Why, my love, perhaps you might not think so, but you know that it is we ourselves that have given it this name, because I was ignorant of the species to which it belonged; but there are fountain-trees in different parts of the world, and they are so called from being themselves the fountains from which the water flows.”

“How very curious, papa! but how can that be?”

“The most remarkable of those trees, Leila, of which I have read an account, is said to grow in one of the Canary Islands, and is so large as to furnish the chief supply of water to all the inhabitants and cattle of the island. Its leaves are large, and, coming out in constant succession, are always green. A thick mist rises every morning from the sea, which is driven by the breeze against the rocky cliff on which this tree is situated; and this heavy mist falling on the thick leaves of the tree, distils into water during the day, just as you have seen the rain dropping from a tree after a heavy shower; but this fountain-tree, having wide-spreading branches, distils such a quantity of water, that two large cisterns are dug at the side of it, in which the water is collected. One of these cisterns is for the people, the other for the cattle; and a person is employed to give out the water. He is paid so much yearly for doing so, and a

house is appointed for him to live in close to the tree."

"If we had not this rivulet, papa, which is so useful to us, then we should be very glad to have one of those trees. But I like our own fountain-tree much better, with those beautiful grapes hanging down from it, and no drops of water to come upon us, to make us uncomfortable."

"Yes, Leila, we are indeed peculiarly favoured; we are surrounded with blessings which should call forth the deepest thankfulness. Here we are cast upon this pleasant land, where there are no wild beasts to devour us, no venomous serpents to make us afraid. A table has been richly furnished for us in the wilderness; and, amidst refreshing streams and clear fountains, we know nothing of the misery the weary traveller must experience, who is wandering on those burning shores, where no rain falls for months to refresh the earth, and where there are no clear springs or running streams to bless his sight. Think, Leila, what it must be to him, when worn with fatigue and parched with thirst, to meet with one of those dropping trees, or fountain plants."

"And are there fountain plants, papa, as well as trees?"

"Yes, my love, there are different plants

which contain a considerable supply of water; there is one in particular, a sort of wild pine which grows in Jamaica, which contains from a pint and a half to a quart of water; it is a parasitical plant, which means a plant growing upon another. The seed has long woolly threads, and, when carried away by the wind, it sticks, by means of those threads, to the branches of the trees, and generally takes root on some part of the stem. The leaves of this plant are thick and long, they rise up from the roots in folds, one within another. In these folds the water collects, and when the reservoir is full, they close at the top, so that the water is not dried up by the sun. The weary traveller knows this plant well; he strikes his knife into the leaves just above the roots, and the clear water rushes out, to his joy and comfort."

"How very good God is, papa! he contrives every thing so well: always now, when I sit under this tree, I will be grateful to Him that we are not weary travellers, but have this beautiful fountain beside us, and are never parched with thirst. Are you going, papa? I am so sorry!"

"Yes, my child, the moon has now fully risen. We shall have a delightful walk home by its silvery light."

In pleasant talk, and in constant employment,

the weeks and months passed swiftly. The first crop of Indian corn and rice was gathered in, and it was now part of nurse's employment daily to grind a portion of each in the rice-mill which Mr. Howard, in his first successful trip to the wreck, had brought back with him. Two additional goats had been added to their little flock; and a churn, which, although rather of rude workmanship, was found to answer extremely well, was a great acquisition to nurse's dairy arrangements. Churning the butter was rather too laborious an employment for Leila, but she was often heard singing in the morning while assisting nurse in milking the goats, and in making cakes of the rice-flour or Indian corn. She was extremely successful, and her papa's breakfasts were greatly improved by her morning exertions. She rose with the dawn, and as soon as prayers were over, the goats were milked. Her next care was to feed the poultry and her numerous pets, who were now all on the most affectionate terms with each other: hens, chickens, turtle-doves and wood-pigeons, all flocked around Leila, as she issued from the cave, and Dash generally took his station in the midst of them, looking benevolently all around. Selina was not quite so great a favourite; the feathered race treated her with respect, but with less of that affectionate famili-

arity with which Dash was greeted, for little chickens stepped fearlessly up and down on his broad back, and turtle-doves nestled between his ears. The parrot was a great trial to Selina, for she proved to be a forward bird, presuming somewhat too much on the favour of her little mistress; and when she would brush up against Selina in the morning, fluttering her gay wings, and exclaiming, "Breakfast if you please, I am a pretty creature,"—the indignant Selina would look very much as if she would gladly have laid those gay feathers in the dust.

But to return to Leila and her morning duties.

The poultry being fed, she would visit the nests, bring in the fresh eggs for breakfast, arrange the cups, and place a plate of honeycomb and another of grapes upon the table. Then, while nurse churned sufficient butter for daily use, Leila would tie on her little white apron, tuck up her sleeves, and busy herself in baking the rice-cakes for breakfast. Her daily lessons took place immediately after, and during the rest of the forenoon she either walked with her papa, amused herself in her green bower, or worked in her little garden, for her papa had fenced in for her a small portion of ground near to the entrance of the cave, into which Leila had transplanted a profusion of the most beau-

tiful flowers; a portion of the rock formed the upper fence to this garden, and against it were placed a couple of bee-hives and a green turf seat; and here would she often pass an hour with her distaff watching the bees, for she had assisted her papa in making the hives for them, and she took the keenest interest in all their proceedings. In the use of the distaff she was not yet particularly expert; nurse made heavy complaints that Miss Leila's thread was either too thick or too thin, and that no two inches were alike. The gathering in the cotton had been a great amusement to her; Mr. Howard had found the cotton plant growing in tolerable abundance at no great distance from the fountain-tree, and to prepare it for spinning had formed one of Leila's in-door occupations during the rains, which for the space of six weeks had continued to fall in the early part of each day.

“It now wanted but a short period of their having been a year on the island, and during all that time no trace of other human beings had been discernible on the broad land, or on the wide sea. It seemed as if the flowers bloomed beneath their feet, the trees blossomed and bore fruit, and all had been created in beauty for them alone. Mr. Howard felt the warmest gratitude for the many alleviations

which attended their separation from the rest of the world, but still there were moments of deep depression for which he severely chid himself. When he looked at Leila in her youth and in her helplessness, and felt that a moment might deprive her of his protecting arm and fostering care, it required all the unquestioning faith of the Christian and the courage of the man to meet her with that cheerfulness with which he always wished to greet her approach. She, dear child, knew no care; constantly with her father, loving him with all the ardour of her young affections, the weeks and months brought to her but an increase to her enjoyments, as she advanced in age, and became more capable of appreciating their value.

Her ninth birth-day now drew near; it had formerly been a day to which she anxiously looked forward; but Leila knew she was now far removed from the possibility of receiving dolls or books, or any of her former presents; still she was not without a vague hope that some pleasure was intended for her, for nurse had looked particularly mysterious and important of late, and on her approach had always hurried her work out of sight, complaining that Miss Leila's footstep was so light she never heard her coming, and no sooner was she gone than she found her at her elbow again. Leila

saw that her presence was not desired, and kept out of the way ; but it struck her that her papa also at times seemed to shun her society, and that on different occasions, although absent for a couple of hours, he had given her no account of the nature of his occupations. These were strange circumstances ; but, on the day on which she completed her ninth year, they were pleasantly accounted for.

Early in the morning of that day she awoke, and found nurse standing by her bedside : she held a pretty little gipsy hat in one hand, and in the other a new dress for Leila. This dress was the rabbit-skin frock so much wished for : it was of gray fur, turned up with white ; the hat was made of palm-tree leaves plaited together : it was tied down with a cherry-coloured ribbon, and a wreath of bright scarlet and green feathers formed the trimming. Leila at first felt almost afraid that her dear parrot must have suffered, but on turning towards her bird, it fluttered its gay wings, and flew towards her, exclaiming, " I am a pretty creature," and presented a breast of unruffled beauty. Leila felt a pang of remorse for having even half suspected her good old nurse. She threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming, " You are very kind to me—and to give me your beautiful cherry-coloured ribbon too ! O, I will try to be very

patient, and not vex you any more!" Leila's good resolutions were made in sincerity of heart, yet they were on the point of giving way, even before her toilet was completed.

"Make haste, O do make haste, nurse!" she exclaimed, "and tie that string of my frock—quick, quick, and let me off to my papa;" and seizing her gipsy hat, she stuck it on one side of her head, and was gone in a moment.

Mr. Howard fondly embraced and blessed his child, and both the pretty hat and new dress were admired exceedingly. "My dear little gray squirrel," he said, "how glad I am the weather is now so much cooler, that you will be able to enjoy your new dress. You must tell nurse that I think she has succeeded admirably, and that I hope her next work will be a fur coat for me."

As soon as breakfast was over, Leila was impatient to walk out with her papa, and tying on the new gipsy hat, she said, "Now, papa, I am quite ready, and as this is to be a holiday, I hope you will take me a longer walk than I have ever gone before."

"Perhaps, my love, you would prefer a drive. At what hour shall I order your carriage?"

"My carriage, papa! what is it you mean?"

"I mean simply at what hour does Miss

Howard wish her carriage to be at the door?"

"Directly, papa—I wish it directly. And now, how will you make it come?"

Mr. Howard left the cave; Leila was about to run after him, when nurse detained her.

"Now, Miss Leila," she said, "you must go back and sit down. When young ladies order their carriage, they do not run out to the stables to see it getting ready, but they sit quietly in their drawing-rooms till they are told it is at the door;—so sit down in that chair, and be patient. Remember your promise."

"I do, nurse, I do remember my promise; but indeed you must let me dance with my feet a little, for that keeps me more patient than any thing."

Mr. Howard entered—"Miss Howard, your carriage waits."

Leila sprang to the door: it was a carriage certainly, and a more elegant little open carriage of light wicker-work than that into which Mr. Howard handed the delighted Leila could scarcely be imagined. The handsomest and the most tractable of the goats he had trained to draw it: all was complete, even to the reins of twisted cotton, which nurse had contrived to dye a bright blue with the leaves of a plant, from which her master had informed her the indigo

was made. The joy of this surprise, and the happiness of this ninth birth-day were long remembered by Leila with gratitude and pleasure.

“And now, my child,” inquired Mr. Howard, “to what corner of the island shall we direct our course? Is there any particular spot you would like to visit?”

“Yes, papa, there is a place I should like very much to see. Do you remember that day when you said, ‘Leila, it is too far for you to walk; but when the weather becomes cooler, I shall try to get you as far as the grove of monkeys?’ I remember it well, for I have been often thinking about it, and now the weather is cooler, and I have this most beautiful carriage of my own, so I need not walk—eh, papa?”

Mr. Howard gave a willing assent to Leila’s proposal. Placing the bright blue reins in one hand, and a nice little whip in the other, the word of command was given; the obedient goat set forward at a brisk pace, and the happy party proceeded towards the monkeys’ grove. Much was Leila amused and delighted with the scene she witnessed there. The monkeys seemed to have a more than common flow of talk on this occasion; they grinned and chattered, and scolded each other in a most ludicrous manner;

one of them had a little one in its arms, which it dandled and caressed as a nurse would have done a baby; when suddenly it gave it such a slap in the face as made the poor little thing yell with pain. Another monkey flew to revenge this insult offered to the little one, and springing upon the mamma, gave her in return such a box on the ear as would have thrown her to the ground, had she not clung by the tail to the branch on which she had been seated, still holding the little one in her arms.

Leila was much amused with this scene.

“O papa!” she exclaimed, as they were returning home, “how very much I wish I had a little monkey; a little one would not do much mischief, I am quite sure. May I have one, papa? Will you say yes? I know when you are going to say yes, for I see it first in your eyes, and then when it comes down upon your lips, it makes me so happy—it makes me feel as if a little bird had flown into my breast. But I do not see it in you eyes now, papa. Are you going to say no, though it is only a little monkey?”

“Yes, my child, I am going to say no; I am always sorry to disappoint you, Lelia; but, old or young, they are disagreeable, mischievous animals, and I have already told you that I dis-

approve of your having a monkey ; so I regret that you should have asked it again."

"Yes, papa, I am sorry too, and I will tell you how it was : when you said steadily I was not to have a monkey, I tried to put it out of my head, yet I wished for it very much ; indeed, it is a vexing thing. Do you think it will ever pass away ?"

"What is it that is to pass away, Leila ?"

"The feeling, papa, of wishing so much for what I am not to have. You don't know how much I wish for a thing when you say no. Sometimes I wish for it more than ever ; that is what is vexing. Do you think it will pass away ?"

"Alas, my dear Leila, the feeling with which you are now struggling is one of the many proofs of the imperfection of our nature, and it is only God who can give you strength to combat with such inclinations ; and this assistance you will, I trust, more constantly implore as you advance in years, and become more sensible of your own weakness."

"Papa, you often say that when I have more experience I will not wish for so many foolish things. Do you think I shall have experience about monkeys when I am old, and think them mischievous and disagreeable ?"

"Yes, Leila, I have no doubt that you will

acknowledge that they are both mischievous and disagreeable, when you yourself are a little more under the dominion of reason."

"The dominion of reason, papa! Is that a better dominion than Queen Elizabeth's? You know I did not like her at all."

Mr. Howard smiled. "Your mistake, Leila, is a very good reproof to me for not having expressed myself as simply as I ought to do when conversing with you. I meant only, that as you advanced in years your reason would strengthen, and you would not be so much carried away by your wishes. For instance: had you not been so much a child as you are now, you would have exerted your reason on this occasion, and have said to yourself, 'My papa is wiser than I am, and must know better, so I will trust to his experience on this subject.'"

"And have you had experience about monkeys, papa? I did not know that."

"Yes, my love, I have."

"Then you will tell me about it? that will be so delightful! and make it a good long story, if you please."

"Why, Leila, I have not a great deal to say to you on the subject; I can only tell you that my younger sister had the same desire which you have to possess a monkey. She had been taken to see an exhibition of wild beasts where

there were several monkeys, and after that it became the height of her ambition to have one as her own property. A gentleman who was a constant visitor at our house, was about to sail for the West Indies at the time, and hearing my sister frequently express this desire, he kindly promised to send back a monkey for her by the captain of the ship. My father and mother represented to her, as I have done to you, that they were mischievous animals, and by no means pleasant inmates of a family; but Maria would not be convinced; she assured them she would watch over her monkey, and give it such instruction that no mischief could happen. So, in the idea that this little girl would soon learn by experience, permission was granted, and in a few months a most droll little creature made its appearance. At first it was a great amusement in the nursery, both to nurses and children; and as my sister led it about almost constantly in a chain, no mischief for the first week was committed, beyond the cotton reels being picked out of nurse's workbox, and the cotton being wound round and round its little feet, till it became incapable of moving, and so rolled over on its side on the carpet, chattering and grinning in a manner which almost killed Maria with laughing. Nurse, however, looked rather grave at this first exploit; and Maria's mirth was soon turned to

woe when her own most favourite possessions next became the sport of this animal's love of mischief. Maria's godmother had sent her a present of a beautiful set of little china cups and saucers on her birthday, and her delight in making tea in them for the first time to the whole nursery party was very great indeed. Master Monkey had a chair placed for him at the table; he looked about with the greatest satisfaction, and seemed particularly pleased when Maria held a cup of tea to his lips, and prepared a little piece of bread and butter for him. A small case with glass doors was fitted up in a corner of the nursery, in which my sister kept her treasures; and as soon as the cups and saucers were washed, they were nicely arranged in this case, and looked so pretty, that she was still standing gazing at them with admiration, when the bell rang for the children to go down stairs. Maria had often been told never to leave this case open; but in her hurry to get to the dining-room had forgot to lock it; and nurse, supposing that my sister had chained up the monkey as usual in the next room, went out to walk with the baby, and the nursery was left empty. In about half an hour after, Maria was sent up stairs for a book which her papa wished to see; but what was her horror and dismay when, on entering the nursery, she

found the monkey seated at the table, with the whole beautiful tea-set arranged before him. He held one of the delicate little cups in his paw, and as Maria entered, he grinned and chattered with delight, and pretended to drink out of it. My sister had a ball in her hand, and in her anger and astonishment she threw it at him, upon which the enraged animal not only revenged himself by throwing the cup at her, which was broken in a thousand pieces, but, leaping upon the table, he upset the whole tea-service, which the next moment lay in fragments on the ground."

"O, papa, how dreadful! What did your little sister do?"

"Why, Leila, she wept most sadly; and not the less bitterly that she felt she had herself alone to blame. She recalled to mind all she had been told of the spirit of mischief in those creatures, and she also felt that had she been less careless, had she chained up the animal as she had faithfully promised to do, or had she remembered her mamma's injunctions to lock the glass case, and keep the key in her pocket, nothing of all this could have happened."

"And was the monkey sent away, papa?"

"No, not on this first occasion; Maria entreated so much that a longer trial might be permitted, that my father and mother gave their

consent; but it was not long before my poor little sister had cause to regret the rash confidence she had placed in her treacherous friend. Maria's kind godmother, hearing of the sad fate of the birthday present, sent her, a few weeks after, a very pretty silk pelisse and bonnet. The box had just been unpacked, when, on the arrival of forenoon visitors, my sister was desired to take those precious articles up stairs, and hang them in her wardrobe in her own room, till my mother was at leisure to bestow proper admiration upon them. But Maria thought there was no good reason why she should not admire them herself a little more, before they were consigned to their place of safety; so dressing herself in the beautiful pelisse and bonnet, she stood for a few minutes before the glass, regretting much that no one but Master Monkey (who stood making grimaces in a corner of the room) was present to partake her pleasure. Soon afterwards she went into the garden, and my mother, having dismissed her visitors, proposed to join her there. As she passed through the shrubbery, her attention was caught by a slight rustling amongst the branches of a large tree under which she was passing; and looking up, what was her astonishment and vexation to see Maria, as she believed, dressed out in her new pelisse and

bonnet, perched upon one of the highest branches 'Maria,' she exclaimed in terror, 'how came you there. Don't move, I entreat you; don't stir till I get your father's assistance.' Startled by her voice, the object on which she gazed gave a sudden spring, and, caught by the pelisse on a projecting branch, hung suspended in the air by this slender hold. My mother's scream quickly brought my father to her assistance, for he had been proceeding to join her in the garden; and, flying forward to save his child, he caught in his arms, not the expected Maria, but the grinning, chattering monkey. My poor little sister, who had also heard the fearful scream, flew to the spot at this moment; and deep was her distress when she saw how much her dear mother had been alarmed, and how materially the beautiful new pelisse and bonnet had suffered. She no longer now objected to the mischievous animal being dismissed, and it was at her own earnest request that, next morning, it was sent to a person who kept a menagerie, to be exhibited amongst his other wild beasts. And now, my child, we must hasten home: for it is the dinner hour, and nurse must have long been expecting us."

CHAPTER XIV.

“NOW, nurse,” exclaimed Leila, one morning, as soon as the lessons were over, “I am not to walk with papa to-day, for he says he is going too far; so sit down with me in this nice green seat in my garden, and let us converse. Do you see those flowers? I am sure you never saw such beautiful flowers before. Only look at that one with the pink blossoms just peeping out among the green leaves; it never comes out any further, so I call it Mary Queen of Scots; for it is so beautiful, and it is in a prison; and that one that is so pale is Lady Jane Grey: and do you see that scarlet one so fierce, and with such a big head? That is Queen Elizabeth. I have called all the flowers after the kings and queens papa tells me about. Do you like to hear about them, nurse? I can tell you a great many more.”

“No, Miss Leila, I cannot say that I do. It was not the fashion in my young days for such as me to be taken up about any other kings and queens than what we read about in the Bible;

I had enough to do to milk the cows, and help to make the butter, and carry the chickens, and eggs, and the nosegays to market."

"Well, then, we won't speak about the kings and queens, if you don't like it; but do not go away so quick; I wonder how you like to go away so soon. You never sit down to have a good long talk with me; you are always trot-trotting about."

"And, Miss Leila, if I were not to be trotting about, as you call it, but chose to sit on my seat like a fine lady, what sort of a room would your father have to sit down in, or a dinner to eat, or a bed to lie upon?"

"Then, nurse, I never will say again that you trot, since you don't like me to say it; and we will not speak about kings and queens, but I will tell you something else, which papa told me this morning, about ants, which I think you will like, for it is very curious. You know I told you before about the ants building houses with rooms and nurseries, and how active they are in doing a great deal of work; but do you know that there are ants as bad as can be?—they fight, and they steal, and they don't like to work at all."

"Then, Miss Leila, I think it would be better if they kept trot-trotting, and got through their work without stealing; but what do they steal?"

“They steal slaves to work for them, and I will tell you how they do it. Mr. Huber found it out; but do you know about Mr. Huber?”

“No, Miss Leila, I never heard of him.”

“Well, I don’t know about him much; I only know that he had a blind papa, who knew a great deal about bees; and he himself has written very curious things about ants: he says that there are ants which are not busy, and yet they like to be comfortable. They call them legionary ants; it is a curious name. Papa said it over and over, so I remember it; will you try?”

“Yes, Miss Leila, I will do what I can; but it is not easy for such an old woman as I to learn all the fine things which your papa thinks it right to teach you; nor would it be in any way proper that I should; but tell me about the slaves they get to work for them; I should like to know about that.”

“Well, I am going to tell you. The legionary ants, which are the thieves, are of a light colour—they are as strong and as brave as they can be—they can sting very terribly, so that they make a grand battle; but then they are lazy about work, so they steal away another kind of ant, of a dark colour, which they call a negro ant, to work for them. The negro ant is patient and industrious, and has no sting. It was Mr. Huber who first found out about the

slaves. He was walking near Geneva, where he lived, and he saw a great number of the legionary ants, thousands and thousands of them, and he called it an army. They crossed the road and crept through the hedge into a field, and he followed them a long way, till they came to a nest of negro ants. Some of the negroes were walking up and down guarding the holes into their nests, and they were in a great fright; I fancy they knew about the legionary ants being cruel thieves and coming to steal their little children, and they all ran into the nest to tell the bad news and to get more ants to fight, and the little young ants kept in their nurseries. I don't know if they hid themselves, papa did not tell me that; but I dare say they were trembling, trembling. Then the strong negro ants all rushed out, and the battle began—it was a dreadful battle; the legionary ants got up upon their hind legs, and so did the negro ants, and they seized each other with their claws and fought together: sometimes they both fell, rolling on the ground, but they did not let go; they fought and they spat on each other till they scrambled up again. Did you ever hear any thing so dreadful as their spitting on each other? I never thought there was such terrible wickedness in all the world as that. Our ants here don't spit on each other; I wonder if the ants

in London spit. You know, nurse, it is to London we are to go if we leave the island, but I hope we shall not leave it. And now I must tell you the rest of the story. The legionary ants were so strong that they conquered the negroes; then they mounted up the side of the ant-hill; some of them went in at the little doors that were made, and others went stamping and ramping about, and tore other holes with their teeth, and so they all got in; and nobody knows what they said, or how they found out the nurseries, but in a very little time they came out again, and every one of them had a little negro ant in its mouth, and off they scampered as fast as could be, and Mr. Huber after them. When they came to their own nest, he was in a puzzle, for he saw a good many large negro ants walking about, watching for them. He thought at first they had come to fight them for stealing their little children; but they came up to the legionary ants quite kind, and brought them food and caressed them. How could they caress them, I wonder? How funny it must have been to see the ants kissing each other! Then the old negro slaves took the little negroes from the legionary ants, and carried them away to their new nurseries. Mr. Huber says, the old negro slaves must have been carried away also when they were young, and so they were quite accus-

tomed to live with the legionary ants, and liked to work for them."

"Indeed, Miss Leila, this is the 'most extraordinary story I ever heard in all my life. And in what way do they work for them?"

"O, they do every thing for them. The legionary ants could work very well if they liked, but they won't do it. Mr. Huber put some of them into a glass box, with their little children, and gave them earth to build nurseries, and honey to feed them. At first they worked a little, but they had no patience; they were not at the trouble even to take their own food, and in two days half of them died. So then he put one negro ant into the box, and the good little slave began to work immediately. It made a chamber and a nursery with the earth, and gathered all the young ones into the nursery, and made it comfortable for them; and it fed the old ants, and put them into their own room, and kept every thing in order for them. He did another curious thing to try them; he broke down one of their hills, and destroyed some of their chambers and galleries; the legionary ants were in the greatest fuss and quite bamboozled, and they wandered about with broken hearts, and did not know where to go; but the negroes comforted them, and understood much better, and they found out the galleries and chambers that were not de-

stroyed, and took the legionary ants in their mouths, and carried them into them. Some of them were not quite so clever and lost their way, then they put down their masters very gently on the ground, and ran about till they found a room, and they took them up again and brought them into it. One of the negro ants found a lump of earth near the entrance of a gallery—he could not get in for it, so he put his master down, and I fancy he said, ‘Sir, you will please to be patient, and I will come back for you,’ for his master lay quite still, and the slave got another slave to help him; and they pushed and kicked the lump of earth away, then he came back and took up his master, and carried him to the room quite safe. I think this is all papa told me, and is it not a very wonderful story?”

“You may well say so, Miss Leila; and I am sure the patience and activity of these little negro creatures may be an example to us all.”

“Yes, that is what papa says, and I am trying as much as I can to be patient. But now, nurse, I have told you a story, and surely you will tell me something too. I wish you would tell me something you did when you were a little girl. You were a little girl once, you know.”

“Yes, miss, and not so very long ago, neither.”

“Not long ago; I thought you were a very

old woman; a great deal older than my papa; you have spectacles on your nose; my papa never has spectacles, and he sees quite well."

Nurse hastily removed the spectacles, as she answered in a tone of considerable displeasure, "Miss Leila, it is by no means civil to call anybody old because they may put their spectacles on at a time just to save their eyes—not that I am calling myself a very young woman, that would not be the truth either; but when you come to be my age, you may be obliged to wear spectacles too, if your eyes are as tender by nature as mine have ever been since I was a young thing in my mother's cottage."

Leila took the old woman's hand within both hers, (there were some suspicious wrinkles on it certainly,) and pressing it kindly she said, "Nurse, I never knew that your eyes were tender by nature, and that you were not old; but I will ask papa to give you some medicines to make you see well; and now will you tell me something you did when you were a little girl; had you ever any little cousins just your own age?"

"Yes, Miss Leila, I had a little cousin; she is an old woman now, but many is the time I think of her, and well should I like to see her again, for she saved me from doing what would have been grief to me all my life."

“O tell me about it, nurse, and tell me every thing you did when you were a little girl, and where you lived.”

“I lived, Miss Leila, in a cottage within a mile of Gloucester, and a prettier cottage there was not in all the neighbourhood. The little room where I slept was behind the kitchen, and there were two rooms above that; and O, Miss Leila, such a kitchen as it was for comfort, and for every thing that the heart could desire—I think I see the fire burning so brightly, and the hearth so clean, and my grandmother’s arm-chair stood on one side of the fire. I see the picture of it at this very minute, and the little round oak table stood before it—you might have seen your face in that table, I kept it so bright—and her large Bible lay on it, and her beautiful work-bag beside it, made out of her grandmother’s marriage gown, that was my great, great, great grandmother you know; and such flowers as there were on that bag, you would have thought little of your Mary Queen of Scots, or of Queen Elizabeth either, if you had seen them.”

“And what did she keep in the bag, nurse?”

“What did she not keep, Miss Leila? There were her stockings, and wires, and worsted balls of different colours for mending all the stockings in the house, and needles, and tapes,

and threads, and a nutmeg in a pretty box, and the end of a wax candle, and lumps of white sugar, which she gave me sometimes before I went to bed at night, and a lemon to make every thing have a pleasant smell. The window of the little room, which I had all to myself, looked into the garden behind the cottage, and in the summer nights I used always to leave the window off the latch when I was going to bed, that I might hear the birds singing, and see the moonlight glancing down amongst the flower-beds: and on one side of the cottage there was the field for the cow, and on the other the cow-house and the pig-stye—such a pig-stye, Miss Leila, it was like any drawing-room—there were no pigs in the whole country round like ours, for I took a pride and a pleasure in them, and after the cows were milked, and my basket with the eggs and the butter ready for the market in the morning, and the nosegays all cut and tied up, then I was off to the pig-stye every spare minute combing and brushing the pretty little creatures, for it is quite a wrong notion to think that they are not greatly pleased to be clean, and to have every thing respectable about them.”

“But what did your little cousin do; did she help you to comb the pigs?”

“No, Miss Leila, my cousin Betsey was an

only daughter like myself, and she had the work of her own mother's house to do: but she lived but a stone's throw from our cottage, so we often met, and on market days it was seldom that we did not enter the town of Gloucester together, and sit down with our baskets side by side in the market-place."

"How nice that must have been, nurse; I should have liked to have sat with my cousin Selina in the market-place in London side by side; and was your cousin Betsey a good girl?"

"My cousin Betsey was a girl that never told an untruth in her life, and would not have touched a pin or a morsel of sugar that belonged to another, and if she had cracked an egg by accident, or made a dent in the butter, she would have turned up that side in the basket, and mentioned it to the first customer that came our way. She had a pious father and mother, and a Bible education; but it was not for want of that, that vanity and sin struggled hard with me, and sometimes got the mastery. My father and mother were God-fearing people too, and my godmother had the wisdom of Solomon in her, and all the book of Proverbs without book, and to me she gave precept after precept, and many an exhortation about the vanity of riches; but all that she could say failed to drive the love of ribbons and light printed calicoes out

of my heart. Well, Miss Leila, there was a haberdasher's shop in Gloucester, just at the turn of the street as you passed into the market-place, and there was a ribbon in that window—I never shall forget that ribbon all my life; it was pink satin with a yellow stripe, and pink was just the colour I thought did best with me then, though as I got on in life to have more sense, I took to cherry colour as more grave and respectable. Well, I had been long setting my heart upon new ribbons for my Sunday's bonnet; father had given me one of the flower-beds for my own garden, and all the nosegays out of it were my own, and I had been a long time making up a shilling and five-pence out of the nosegays, and grandmother had given me a penny for learning the third chapter of Proverbs by heart, but still it wanted another shilling before I had money enough to buy this ribbon, and I had no peace in my mind after I had seen it. So as I was standing before the shop window one morning looking at it, and thinking how long it might be before I could make up another shilling, a fine lady came past with a little miss in her hand, and little miss stopped all of a sudden, and pulling the lady by the gown, she said, 'Look, mamma, what a beautiful ribbon! will you buy it to put on my new hat?' I felt my heart at my throat when the

lady answered, 'Yes, my love, I will buy it if you wish it, but I don't much admire your choice; we had better look at some others first: that green one which is next to it would be much prettier for your bonnet.' Every bit of me was shaking for fear that the little miss would get her own way of it, but the shopman stretched up his hand to the window and took away the green ribbon, and I felt a great deal easier; but it came upon me for all that, for the pink ribbon was taken away next. I got as near the door as I could, and stretched out my neck till it was like to break, and, Miss Leila, he took up the yard measure, and there he was measuring it off yard after yard. I thought there would not have been a morsel left, and little miss so pleased; and when he came near the end, I heard him say, 'Madam, there is just enough to trim another bonnet, may I put it all up for you?' My very ears were tingling then, but the lady said, 'No, I have sufficient,' and she paid the money, and the rest of the ribbon was hung up in the window again."

"And what did you do, nurse; did you buy it? It is a very interesting story, though it is not about your cousin Betsey."

"Patience, Miss Leila, and you shall hear, I could not buy it then, for I had not money enough, but I thought to myself, some other

little miss will be coming past and taking a fancy to this ribbon, and she will buy the rest, no doubt, for every body seems to have money but me. There is my cousin Betsey, she has been gathering up her money also to buy a Sunday's bonnet, and she has two shillings and sixpence: I will ask her to lend me one of her shillings, and I will pay it her back out of the money I get for the nosegays, long before she has enough to buy the straw bonnet. So I ran on as fast as ever I could to the market-place, for I knew I should be very late, and I was quite impatient to speak to Betsey, but, to my surprise, she was not there. I looked up and down the street, and every moment got more impatient, and was not in the best of humours; so when I saw her at last walking very quick, and coming up to me, I never asked her where she had been, or what had kept her; I could speak of nothing but the ribbon; I told her of every thing that had happened, and what a consternation I had been in. She knew how much I had been wishing to buy it, for we had often stood at the shop window and admired it together, but yet she never offered to lend me the money, and when I asked her to do it, her face grew very red, and she said, 'Milly, I can't do that now.'

" 'You can't do that,' I said; 'you can't

trust me with one of your pitiful shillings; you would rather hoard them up in a box, doing good to nobody, than you would——’ I don’t know what more I might have said, for a lady came up that moment with a servant carrying a basket. She looked at my butter, which to be sure was as yellow as gold, and she put two pounds of it, which were all I had, in her basket, and a dozen of eggs, ‘And now, child,’ she said, ‘here is your money,’ and she put three shillings into my hand. She had gone on a little way, and had just turned up another street, when, on turning over the money in my hand, I saw that two shillings were sticking together with a little bit of bees-wax, and that the lady had given me four shillings instead of three. Betsey’s eyes were on me at the moment—‘Run, Milly,’ she said, ‘run, or the lady will be out of sight; it is a mistake, you know; it should only have been three shillings.’

“ ‘And how am I to know it is a mistake?’ I answered; ‘might the lady not have given me a shilling to myself? Every one is not so stingy with their shillings as you are, Betsey; I am not asking your advice, keep it till you are asked, and keep your shilling too.’ The tears were in Betsey’s eyes.

“ ‘Milly,’ she said, ‘it is the evil spirit that is speaking in you, it is not my cousin Milly—

you will never keep what is not yours—I know you will not.’

“ She darted from me, and I grew more angry every moment, for I never doubted but that she had gone to tell the lady, but at the corner of the street she stood for a few minutes, and then came back to me.

“ ‘Milly,’ she said, ‘I know the house, I saw the lady go in it, it is near the middle of the street, and it has a green door; you will go, Milly, I would go with you too, but my butter is not sold yet, and you had better not put off.’

“ ‘No, Betsey,’ I answered, ‘I will not put off, I will go on my own way, and you may go yours—you know the house now, Betsey, and you know what to say;’ and I took up my basket and turned away. She ran after me, and she held me by the apron, and the tears were running over her cheeks.

“ ‘Milly,’ she said, ‘did I ever tell a tale on you, or bring you into trouble? Are we not sisters’ children, and have we not always been like sisters? If you ever loved me, Milly, take this day to think of it—you will see that ribbon again as you pass; but, remember, if you enter the door of that shop, *whose eye it is* that is upon you. O, Milly, if you go to God’s house with *that* ribbon on your Sunday’s bonnet, it had better have been tied with a wisp of straw!’

She turned from me, and I went on my way."

"O nurse!" Leila exclaimed, "you surely did not do that wicked thing; you did not buy the ribbon? It was the wicked spirit that was tempting you; you should have prayed for strength."

"Yes, Miss Leila, I should have prayed for strength, but sin and vanity were still struggling within me, and pride too, for I could not bear to think that Betsey should have the mastery over me, and that I should be led by her. When I came to the shop the ribbon was still there. I had the money the lady had given me, and I took it out and said to myself, 'I can make up the three shillings to give mother with the shilling and sixpence I have in my box at home'—but still Betsey's words rang in my ears; I looked at the ribbon and then at the money, and then I shut my eyes, and ran past the shop as fast as ever I could. When I got home, mother was not in the kitchen, so I ran into my own room and bolted the door; I pulled the handkerchief off my Sunday's bonnet, and I took it down from the peg in the wall, and sat down on the foot of my bed, holding it in my hand. Miss Leila, you would have been sorry for me then, not that I am meaning to excuse myself, for my heart was full of sin and vanity,

but you never saw such a bonnet; there was a ribbon on it to be sure, but who would ever have guessed the colour of it? It had been blue, but mother had washed and washed it till the whole colour was out, and it was as limber as a rag. So pushing away my bonnet from me, and taking the little box out of my drawer in which I kept my money, I threw one of the shillings into it, and running into the kitchen, I put the other three down on my grandmother's little table, in as great a hurry as if a regiment of dragoons had been at my back. My grandmother had been walking in the garden, and she came in at that very minute, and taking up the three shillings she said, 'And so this is the money for the two pounds of butter and the dozen of eggs, Milly. well, you are really getting to be a handy little lass, and it is a great comfort both to your mother and to me to have one about us we can safely trust; but did you never get a lucky penny to yourself, child, and had you no nosegays to sell this morning?'

" 'No, grandmother,' I answered, glad to be able to reply to the last question without an untruth; 'I had no nosegays, for father advised me to let the flowers stand another day: we have been rather hard on them of late.' My grandmother asked me no more questions at that time, but she opened the Bible and made

me read my chapter to her, and then heard me my psalms and hymns. Many was the word that went to my conscience in that morning's reading, and I felt glad that I had resolved to take the day to think of it; but still it was working in my mind, and I could not settle to my work, or take pleasure in my garden, or the pigs either, and when night came I was glad to get away to my bed. The window was open, and there was a pleasant smell of honeysuckle coming into the room, for the flower was fully out, and it was trained all round the window. A nightingale was singing in the large apple-tree, and the moon was shining out so clear that I could see almost every flower in the garden; but I could take pleasure in nothing, and I shut my window that I might not hear the bird singing, and turned my back—but how could I go into my bed, and my prayers not said? Miss Leila, I cannot tell you all that passed through my mind, but at last I sobbed as if my heart would have broken, and then to say my prayers was a comfort to me, for my mind was quite made up. I took the box out of my drawer, and taking the shilling out of it, I wrapped it up in paper, and put it below my head, for I was determined that the first thing I should do in the morning was to find out the lady, and tell her every thing."

"O, nurse!" Leila exclaimed, "I hope you

went off very quick,—and did you find the lady?”

“You shall hear, Miss Leila; I am not just come to that; yet I got into my bed and tried to sleep; but what vexed me most of all now was my quarrel with Betsey, and I was just thinking how I was to make it up with her, when I heard a tap at the window, and there was Betsey herself, for I could see her face quite plain in the pale moonlight. I started up, and wrapping the coverlid about me, I ran to the window and opened it; in a moment Betsey’s arms were round my neck.

“‘Milly, she whispered in a very low voice, ‘you did not buy the ribbon, dear; I saw it in the window.’

“‘No, Betsey, I did not.’

“‘And you will give back the shilling?’

“‘Yes, Betsey, I will give back the shilling; I have put it below my head; I will be off to find out the lady in the morning, the minute it is daylight.’

“‘O, thank God!’ she exclaimed, and I felt she was trembling all over, and the tears were dropping from her eyes, for I felt them on my hand.

“‘Betsey,’ I said, ‘you will be my own Betsey again to me: for O, I have been a miserable creature this day, and if it had not been for you,

what should I have been this night! but I have asked God to forgive me, and now, Betsey, I ask you.'

" 'Milly,' she answered, and threw her arms round me again, 'I have loved you long and well, but never have I loved you as I do now, and now I shall sleep in peace; and I must run home every foot of the way, for mother is watching for me, and I promised not to stay.' She was going, but stopped again for a minute: 'Milly,' she said, 'you need not go to find the lady so early, you know fine ladies are not up by daylight; but after our morning's work is over, I will meet you at the hawthorn bush at the top of the lane, and we will go together,'—and so we parted, and I was not a minute in my bed, Miss Leila, before I was in a sound sleep. Well, next morning, I got through all my work as cleverly as I could, and took my breakfast, and as soon as grandmother's cuckoo clock struck nine, I ran up the lane, and I found Betsey waiting for me below the hawthorn-bush; she was tying up a nosegay for me of the pink blossoms; 'And now,' she said, 'we are cousins again, Milly, and sisters, just the same as if we had never quarrelled.'

"It was as lovely a summer's morning as my eyes ever looked upon, and the grass and the trees were hanging with the dew like so many

diamonds, and the sun was shining on the bleaching ground, and every web looked as white as a lily, or, as they would say in Scotland, the driven snow. We walked on so happily together, that Gloucester seemed as though it had come to meet us. Betsey could not do enough to show me kindness, and I felt sure that she must have had some good reason for refusing to lend me the shilling—that she had a reason I little thought of, I was not long now of knowing. As we were going through a narrow street that led into the market-place, a little girl ran out of a miserable-looking house, and clasping Betsey's knees she said, 'O come in and see mother now, she is better, she is sitting up in her bed, and baby is not crying now, and I have had bread and milk for breakfast.' She pulled Betsey forward, and I followed her into the room,—a miserable room it was,—but never shall I forget the gratitude of that poor woman. Betsey had found her starving, and had given her all she had, at the very moment that I had been outrageous against her for hoarding up her money. Well, it was a comfort to me to think I had something to give too, and she had it all before the day was over: I would not have bought that ribbon then, if I had had the riches of the Indies."

"But, nurse, you are not going to stop, you

have not told me every thing: you have not told me about the lady."

"Well, Miss Leila, you shall hear, but I must not be so long about it, for it is full time that I was seeing after the dinner; however, there is not so much to tell now. We crossed the market-place, and turned up the street where Betsey had seen the lady go into her house, and about the middle of the street there was a green door, so we were quite sure we were right. A maid was twirling a mop round in her hands, and when we asked to see her mistress, she made the water fly out of the mop all over the pavement and over our shoes, and then she said, 'If we had a message for her mistress, it would be more proper to give it to her to deliver, than to be going into the clean parlour destroying every thing with our dirty wet shoes;' but when Betsey answered so civilly, that it was a business about a money matter that could only be told to the lady herself, she seemed surprised, and opening the door at the end of the passage, she bade us go forward. The lady was sitting in a high-backed chair by the fire, and no creature in the room to keep her company but the parrot; and though the weather was so warm, the fire was burning brightly to boil the kettle, and a plate of muffins was on a brass stand before the fire, and breakfast on a round table at

the lady's side ; but the butter was as white as the table-cloth ; I saw it could never have been the beautiful yellow butter she had bought from me, and my mind misgave me, and when I looked into the lady's face, she was an old woman, and quite different in every way. Betsey had held back at the door, and the old lady had twice asked me what my business was with her, before I could find a word to answer ; at last, making a curtsey, I said, ' It is not our butter, madam, for it is far too white, and you are not the lady that had the bees-wax in your pocket.' The lady made me no answer, but putting on her spectacles and looking in my face, she beckoned Betsey forward, and then she said to her in a very low voice, ' Is she in her right mind ?'

" Betsey was always a better hand at explaining things than I was, and she very soon made the lady understand the mistake about the shilling, and what we wanted ; and she was very kind to us, and gave each of us a piece of muffin. She told us there was another green door next to her, and that she knew the lady had been at the market the day before, and was able always to buy her own butter, so she was better served than she was ; and she bade us go there and tell our story about the bees-wax and the shilling, and she sent her own maid with us to knock at the door, and to make sure

that we were taken into the parlour. If I had felt abashed with only the old lady and the parrot, what was it to be taken into a room with what I thought a large company, for there were a lady and gentleman, and five or six little masters and misses, all sitting round a breakfast-table! If it had not been that we saw our own butter on a plate, which gave me a kind of confidence, I never could have made out my story; but when the lady asked what we wanted with her, I knew her voice again, and when I looked at her, she had on the very same face I saw in the market; so I took the little parcel out of my breast, and making a curtsy, I said, 'Please, madam, this was the shilling which was sticking to the other with the bees-wax, and I gave the three to my mother.' 'What does the girl mean?' said the lady turning round to the gentleman. I looked at Betsey, who was going to make it plainer, but the gentleman said, 'She means that you must have given her four shillings instead of three, and she is an honest and a good girl. Now that is one I could trust about our children! we must keep our eye on that girl when a few more years are over her head.' The tears came into my eyes, and I pointed to Betsey, for at first I could not speak, but yet I struggled to get it out: 'O, sir,' I said, 'it is Betsey that you

should trust; I would have bought the pink satin ribbon for my bonnet if it had not been for her, and I called her stingy and ill-natured, when every farthing she had in the world she had given to the poor starving woman with the sick baby.'

“‘Bravo!’ said the gentleman, knocking his hands on the table, ‘then we have got two girls fit to be trusted instead of one—that is all the difference.’

The lady asked me a great many questions till she understood every thing that had happened; and she spoke very kindly to me, and seemed to think a great deal of Betsey. One of the little misses whispered something to her mamma, and then she took a roll off the plate, and cutting it in two, she put butter and honey upon it, and gave each of us a half. It was the first time we had ever tasted butter and honey together, and we never forgot it. But, Miss Leila, that was not all: before we had been at home little more than a couple of hours, a maid came to the door with the two little misses, and she took out of a band-box a beautiful straw bonnet for me, and another for Betsey. There was not enough of the pink ribbon for both, and so the bonnets were trimmed with green, and we liked it better. O, it was a happy day! and she was the best of ladies; for before

night the little girl came to tell us that the lady had been to see them, and had promised them both clothes and food. And now, Miss Leila, you must not set me on those long gone-by stories again, for I could speak about them for ever when once I begin."

"Then, nurse, I wish you would speak about them for ever, for I like it so much. O do not go away."

"Do not go away, Miss Leila! and who is to make your dinner, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XV.

SEVERAL months passed away, and the weather had again become very warm, when one morning, as Leila lay upon the beach writing, while her papa dictated to her, Dash, who had been quietly seated by her side, all at once sprang up, and seemed seized with a desire to interrupt her studies, and to pull her away.

"What is the matter, papa, with Dash?" she said; "he does not seem to wish me to write any more."

"Leila, however, persevered for a few minutes longer with her employment, when suddenly the sea, which lay before them calm as a summer lake, all at once became agitated; the waves broke against the shore with a dull heavy sound, and a clap of thunder, which was echoed along the rocks, made both Mr. Howard and Leila start to their feet.

"Let us hasten home, my child," he said, "the wind is rising; we shall have a violent storm, I fear."

Leila clung to her father's arm and hurried

along; but at every step her progress became more difficult: the wind increased with sudden violence, and the forked lightning, which at first played fearfully amidst the black mass of clouds in the upper air, now ran along the ground, and seemed as if, in an instant more, it would have scorched her feet. Leila shuddered and held back; her papa urged her forward.

“Leila, my child, you must not linger, every moment increases our danger; let us make haste to ascend the cliff, while you have strength to battle with this fierce wind. Put your trust in God, my dear child; his protecting care is ever around you.”

A loud clap of thunder at this moment resounded through the air, and large drops of rain began to fall, and were drifted in their faces by the violence of the still-increasing storm. They were now on the narrow pathway which overhung the cliff, and the continued roar and yelling of the wind, and the noise of the furious waves as they broke against the foot of the rocks, was such that Leila could no longer hear her papa's words of encouragement. She struggled hard to get on, but it seemed to her as if her feet no longer touched the ground, and a moment might precipitate her into the foaming sea below,—her papa's arm alone supported her; and as the path became

narrower, and there appeared room but for one, the sense of his danger took from her all further recollection. Suddenly a tree, which grew a little way above upon the cliff, was torn from the rock with a loud crashing sound, and rolled with fearful violence over the precipice. Mr. Howard caught up his trembling child in his arms and struggled to get forward, but the wind rose at that moment with increased fury, and a projecting fragment of the rock having caught his foot, he stumbled and fell: in attempting to save himself his hold relaxed—Leila slid from his arms,—in an instant he had regained his footing; but, O the agony of that moment! he no longer saw his child. Dash had sprung to the side of the precipice: he now stood on a narrow ledge of rock a little way below, holding Leila by the clothes. Mr. Howard threw himself down, stretched out his arms over the rock, and with frantic efforts grasped the empty air.

Another gust, and all must have perished. There was a momentary lull—lower and lower he stooped over the precipice—caught the fluttering garment of Leila. One effort more his child was safe: and clasping her in his arms, he flew forward with desperate energy; turning the point, he stopped not to breathe till he had placed his precious burden in safety within the cave—then knelt beside her in silent thankfulness.

Nurse was in violent alarm, but it was but momentary; the colour was again returning to Leila's cheek, and before they had time to employ any means for her recovery, she opened her eyes, and clung to her father's neck. She seemed to have but an imperfect idea of what had passed, and, fearful of the effect of any additional agitation, he forbore for the present to acquaint her with what had been the extent of her danger: he merely breathed over her a prayer of thankfulness for the safety of both, and then sat by her till she fell into a quiet sleep.

The wind having in some degree moderated, Mr. Howard felt a restless wish to look out upon the sea; and having but a limited view of it from the window of the cave, he, after recommending Leila to nurse's care, took his telescope in his hand, and turning round the point, advanced a little way along the cliff. The view of the ocean was awfully grand; the gigantic and foaming waves rolling onwards, appeared as if they would defy all opposition, and penetrate the barrier of rocks even to their place of safety. There were moments of darkness—the wind entirely ceased—a fearful calm—it seemed as if the world had ceased to be. Suddenly, again, the hurricane sprung up with a tremendous roar, and the crested waves were dashed in

one continued sheet of foam over the broad expanse of waters. Often had he looked across the wide sea in the anxious hope that some distant sail might be in view; but now his prayer was, that no vessel might be near to buffet with those fearful waves.

On his return, he found Leila up and anxiously expecting him; but although the wind lulled at intervals during the rest of the day, there was no appearance of the storm having ceased; and as the evening advanced, it again increased in violence. Mr. Howard sat by Leila's bed till a late hour; he could not bear to leave her for the night, although repeatedly urged by her to do so.

"Go, dear papa," she said; "indeed I am quite comfortable now; I am not afraid. I will think of the beautiful verse in the psalm: I will say to God, 'I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest: for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety;'—and now kiss me, dear papa, and good-night." She stretched out her little arms towards him, he held her for a moment to his breast, and then retired into the outer cave.

In the middle of the night Mr. Howard was suddenly awakened. Was it a gun he heard, or only the crash of a falling tree? He listened—in a pause of the wind again the sound was

repeated. Too surely it was a gun, the signal of a vessel in distress. The night was impenetrably dark, not a star was visible, and in the violence of such a storm, and in total darkness, to attempt the cliff were madness. Guns continued to be fired at intervals; they seemed to say, "Will no friendly arm be stretched out to save?" Alas! what could his single arm effect, even could he reach the beach? But Leila depended on him alone, and till the day should dawn, when the risk to his own safety would be lessened, he felt that nothing could be attempted; he could only pray.

With the first rays of light, he prepared to leave the cave; taking a coil of rope in his hand, he called Dash to his side, and stepping into the inner apartment for a moment, he kissed Leila fondly, and hurried away.

The little girl continued to sleep for some time after her papa had left her, till suddenly she was awakened by Mr. Howard re-entering the cave, carrying something in his arms, and his clothes seemed drenched as if he had been in the water.

"Get up, my love, as quickly as you can," he said, in an agitated voice, "and let me put this little girl into your warm bed." Leila was up in a moment.

"A little girl, papa!—a little girl, did you

say? O, let me see her face!—how pale, how very pale she is, but O, how beautiful! When will she open her eyes? Is she asleep, papa? Where did you find her?”

“Leila, I cannot answer your questions now. Dress yourself quickly, my love, and do not speak to me; not a moment is to be lost; I must use every endeavour to recover this sweet child.”

Nurse entered at this moment with the applications which Mr. Howard had ordered as he passed through the outer cave. They were quickly administered: they bent over the bed, they chafed her temples and little hands, and breathed into her lungs, while Leila looked on in speechless emotion. Mr. Howard now kept his hand upon her pulse; it seemed to him as if it beat faintly: an almost imperceptible shade of colour tinged her cheek: it deepened into a faint flush; she opened her blue eyes,—they appeared to rest on Leila for a moment: she seemed to smile. It was an angel's smile—the heavy eyelids closed, her pulse had ceased to beat

“O, papa, what has happened? What is this?”

“It is death, my child.”

“And will she never, never open her eyes again?”

“ She will open them in heaven, Leila, to behold her God.”

Leila threw herself upon the bed, and clasped the lifeless body in her arms; the colour left her cheek: she would have fainted, had not a timely burst of tears relieved the oppression of her heart.

“ O, papa!” she exclaimed, “ I cannot bear it. Why did she die? the only little girl I may ever see; and I would have loved her so.”

“ Dear Leila,” Mr. Howard gently answered, “ you must not murmur; this is the first sorrow your heavenly Father has thought fit to send you. Remember your daily prayer, my child, ‘ Thy will be done.’ Let me see you bow in meek submission to his will. The spirit of this dear child is with its God, enjoying a happiness which we can but faintly picture, and which your warmest love could never have purchased for her. You should not wish to recall her, Leila; she will shed no more of those tears which now wring your heart. Sorrow has ceased with her, and eternal bliss has begun.”

Leila strove hard to be composed, and the violence of her first emotions seemed to have passed away; but still her papa could not prevail upon her to leave for any length of time the object of her deep interest. Mr. Howard had removed the body from Leila’s bed to a mattress

in the outer cave; but often during the day did she steal away, and was found by her papa either chafing its cold hands or bending over the inanimate clay, listening in vain to catch the slightest breath.

It may easily be supposed that an event in itself so interesting must, in Leila's quiet unvaried life, have made the deepest impression—she could think or talk of nothing else.

“O do tell me more, papa!” she exclaimed, “tell me every thing; it comforts me to hear you speak about it. Why did you not waken me? I would have gone too; I would have helped you. Perhaps I could have done some good; I would have breathed on the little girl with my warm breath the minute you took her out of the sea, as you did to me, papa. And I would have put my fur frock upon her to make her warm. Why did you not wake me?”

“My dear Leila, you could not have accompanied me, the storm was so violent. You forget, my love, the narrow escape you yourself have so lately made. Had you been with me, my attention would have been so much occupied in protecting you from danger, that I could not even have made the attempt to save this poor child.”

“And did you see the ship, papa? Was it very far away? and where is it now?”

Mr. Howard shuddered. "Alas, Leila! I saw no ship; the guns had ceased to fire ere I had reached the beach, and I saw only the fearful waves."

"And the raft, papa?"

"Yes; after some time I discovered the raft, and it seemed to me as if another person was then upon it. I fear, from examining the state of the ropes, it must have been so—it is a sad, sad thought."

Leila looked up at her papa's agitated countenance, and forbore all further questions.

In the evening Mr. Howard was obliged to leave her for some time, to make the necessary preparations for the interment, which he wished to take place early next day. On his return he found that, completely worn out with the agitations of the last twenty-four hours, Leila had been prevailed upon by nurse to allow herself to be undressed, and had dropped asleep. Still her dreams seemed to partake of the nature of her waking thoughts, and frequently he heard her murmur in a low, plaintive voice, "Clara, dear Clara!" A miniature had been found suspended round this little girl's neck; it was the picture of a young and lovely woman—too young, it seemed, to have been the mother of the child; but an inscription at the back put the matter beyond all doubt. Around a lock

of light glossy hair was written, "From mamma to Clara." Alas! those laughing eyes, how many tears were they doomed to shed, for the fate of a child so beloved!

18*

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. HOWARD rose next morning, as soon as it was day, to complete his melancholy task, and had just finished filling in the earth over the coffin, and was about to read the funeral service over the grave, when Leila darted to his side.

“Leila, my child, I wished to have saved you this; you did wrong to leave the cave, but now there must be no violent emotion. I am about to read this solemn and beautiful service; let me see that you command yourself; endeavour to raise your thoughts from earth to Heaven. Listen, Leila, and take comfort from these sublime words: ‘I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.’

“‘I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I

shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.' ”

Mr. Howard continued to read, and Leila struggled with her emotion ; but when he closed the book, and all was over, she threw herself upon the grave, and wept such tears as she had never wept before.

It was Leila's first trial, and deeply did she feel it ; but ere two days had passed away, all sense of her present sorrow was lost in a depth of suffering which touched her far more nearly.

Mr. Howard, on seeing the raft to which the poor child was bound almost buried amidst the agitated waves, had thrown himself into the sea, and with Dash's assistance had succeeded in bringing it to land ; but completely occupied in endeavouring to restore animation to the object of his anxious care, he continued in his wet clothes, and the chill which he received, added to the previous state of excitement into which he had been thrown by Leila's imminent danger, seemed so much to have affected his frame, that repeated fits of shivering and a burning pain in his temples, gave strong indications of an attack of fever. For two days he had struggled to check the progress of the disease, but on the third, after having been employed in writing for some time with a pencil on a leaf in his pocket-book, he called Leila to him.

* "My dear child," he said, "I have been suffering much for these last days, and now I feel that I am getting worse, and shall probably have a fever; indeed, I am sensible that even now it is upon me, and I may become rapidly worse; but I have prayed for entire resignation to my heavenly Father's will. I have placed myself, and you also, my dearest child, in his hands; if it is for your good, Leila, God will preserve me to you, and I shall recover, but if—"

"O stop, stop, papa!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together in wild alarm, "O, do not say it! I cannot, indeed I cannot bear it!"

"Leila, dear child, at this moment you are increasing my illness; all emotion must be avoided; if you are able to command yourself, I will go on, but if not, you must leave me, dearest, to nurse's care. I must lie down upon my bed, I feel I can no longer exert."

"O do not send me from you, papa—I will be calm, indeed I will be quite calm. See, I am not crying now," (and she hastily wiped away her tears.) "Now tell me every thing, papa, and I will listen."

Mr. Howard, then, in the gentlest way possible, made Leila aware that the result of this fever might be fatal, and that were such to be the case, her heavenly Father, loving her with a love far greater than his, would raise up friends

for her in her time of need. He told her that she would find instructions for her future conduct in his pocket-book, and that he had now written a few lines in it to his sister, consigning Leila to her care, which, in the event of her one day returning to England, she was to deliver to her. "And now, my beloved child, go to your own apartment, kneel down, and ask for that support which will strengthen you to bear all things. May you be able to say, 'In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.' Go, dear child, and when you feel you have put your trust where alone it should be placed, return to me and be my little nurse, and my greatest comfort."

Leila's prayers were simply expressed, but they were from the very depth of her heart, and such prayers are heard in heaven. She rose from her knees, calmed and strengthened.

"How sinful I was," she said to herself, "to grieve so much for Clara! I seemed not to care for any thing. I forgot that my dear papa was still with me, and every thing as beautiful as it was before, but now I will not be ungrateful any more. I will constantly pray to God to put into my mind all that I should do for my dear papa, and I will trust in him, and he will do every thing that is right."

On her return to the outer cave, she found Mr. Howard employed in giving nurse directions how he should be treated, in the event of the fever increasing. Leila listened with the deepest attention; then taking her distaff, she seated herself quietly by his bedside, and was on the watch to obey his slightest wish. As the evening advanced, she read to him from the Bible, and finished by singing the morning hymn, and it was with difficulty that she was prevailed upon to leave him for the night.

During the two following days he continued to get worse, and it seemed as if Leila were no longer a child. She never failed to remind nurse of the different draughts which should be given at stated times, and when prevailed upon to leave the cavern for a few minutes to breathe the open air, she always returned with something which she thought would do her papa good; she brought for him the freshest lemons and the ripest grapes, and each day she laid upon his bed a single flower. She had heard her papa say, that many flowers were injurious in their sleeping apartments, and it was now that she seemed to remember all that he had ever told her, and to act upon it; and it was delightful to Leila when her papa assured her that the sherbets she mixed for him always did him good,

and that he felt less restless after she had bathed his temples and smoothed his pillow.

Poor nurse was indefatigable in her attentions and in her affectionate care; but not being a person of strong judgment, and naturally of an anxious turn of mind, being also much more aware of the extreme danger than Leila could be, she was at times completely overcome by the helplessness of their situation, and at such moments was often grateful for the suggestions of even a mere child. It was at Leila's request that they were prepared, lest her papa should weary of his lemonade, and that when the flushing in his face was violent, and the fits of oppression came on, they should fan him with the leaves of the palm-tree. He was able to talk to her but very little now; she read to him from the Bible sometimes, but he could only bear a few verses at a time. Once or twice he pressed her little hands to his lips, and she felt that they burned like fire. The disease was visibly increasing. On the seventh day it seemed drawing to a crisis; towards evening he became more and more restless and uneasy. Leila got up upon the bed, and bathed his temples with vinegar, while nurse fanned his cheeks.

"Leila, my beloved child," he said faintly, "I have been praying for you, but I feel that my mind is beginning to wander. In a short time

I may not know you, my child. If this additional trial is sent you, Leila, remember it is also from God. Do not allow yourself to be overcome; in fever it is a common symptom. I cannot say more. Give me your hand, I like to feel that you are near me. O that I could sleep!"

Leila watched beside him with the most intense anxiety; but suddenly starting up again, he opened his eyes and looked at her earnestly.

"Who are you?" he said. "You are not Leila." The affrighted child burst into an agony of tears.

"No," he continued, "you are not Leila—my Leila never weeps, she is always smiling."

In a moment Leila's tears were dried. "Look at me now, dear papa," she said, "see, I am smiling; I am your own Leila."

"Yes, I know you now," he said, "you are Leila; but O this thirst! if you are Leila, can you not cure this thirst?"

She held a glass of lemonade to his lips—he pushed it impatiently away.

"The whey, nurse!" she exclaimed. "O try the whey!"

Nurse hastily lifted a large wooden bowl which contained the whey, and, without waiting to pour part of it into a glass, she held it to his lips—he swallowed it with eagerness, and

drained the bowl to the last drop; then, exhausted with the effort he had made, he sank upon the pillow. For some time he seemed more and more restless, and the flushing in his face became more violent; but to this succeeded a soft moisture over the skin, which increased rapidly, and after a short interval he again dropped asleep. At first it was a troubled sleep—he started frequently, and muttered some indistinct words; but gradually his breathing became soft; he slept profoundly. Leila, in terror, stooped over him, to be assured that he still breathed.

“Do not be afraid, my dear child,” said nurse, “this sleep is most favourable. I think the crisis must have passed, and your dear papa will probably awake quite composed, and much better.”

Leila threw herself upon her knees, and poured out the fullness of her grateful heart, and the good old nurse wept over her tears of joy.

“And now, my dear child,” she said, “you will allow me to undress you, and put you into your own bed; I will watch beside your papa; you have much need of rest.”

But Leila would not be prevailed upon to go to her own bed; she entreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain near her papa, that nurse was obliged to consent; and spreading a mattress for her on the floor, she wrapped her in the

silk quilt, and with the assurance that she was to be called if her papa awoke, Leila fell asleep.

She awoke soon after sunrise, and started hastily up. Nurse was watching by the bed; all was silent; her papa still slept: he looked pale, very pale, but his breathing was gentle as an infant's, and Leila fancied that she saw him smile. After her morning prayers were over, she took her place by the side of his bed, and opening her Bible, she began to read. On hearing a slight movement she looked up; her papa opened his eyes, and now Leila felt certain that he smiled.

"Leila, my beloved child," he said, "how is this? Why are you here? It seems as if the sun had but lately risen;" and he looked towards the open door. "How refreshing is the morning air!" he continued, "and all without looks so bright and green; but I feel weak, and as if I had been very ill, and I have but a confused remembrance of what has passed."

Leila began to give an account of what had taken place the evening before, but checking herself, she said, "But we will not talk of it now, papa, for it may make you ill again."

"You are quite right, my dear child; I am not able for it now, or for much speaking; but read the Psalms to me, and then leave me, my child, for I wish to be alone, and those pale

cheeks require fresh air and exercise. I know that you have been much confined during my illness; for although I cannot remember every thing distinctly, I can never forget, my own dear child, that you were ever by my side."

Leila read for a short time to her papa, and then, after kissing him repeatedly, she left the cave, and was quickly surrounded by her numerous favourites. As soon as their wants were satisfied, she proceeded to her garden, and O how lovely did every thing appear! Never before had the flowers worn so bright a hue, or the birds sung so sweetly. Leila felt happier than I have words to tell.

Mr. Howard's recovery, though at first not rapid, was progressive: he sat much in the open air under the shade of the rock, or on the green turf seat in Leila's garden. He liked to hear the hum of the bees, and to see her tending her flowers; and often she would bring her guitar and sing to him, or take her distaff and engage him in interesting conversation. Each day he extended his walks with her a little farther, and in a few weeks all his usual habits were resumed. But there was a change in Leila: her extreme childishness had passed away; she was equally attentive to her numerous pets, yet seemed less entirely occupied by them; and though always cheerful and often gay, a shade of seriousness

would sometimes pass across her face. Her papa often found her tying up or watering the flowers which she had planted on Clara's grave, and she never now expressed the hope that they might continue always on the island. Mr. Howard's own anxious wish for their removal had been greatly strengthened by his illness, and he soon became aware that now he no longer felt alone on this subject. Leila spoke of it only once, for she saw that it agitated him, but he often saw her gaze earnestly on the sea, and the expression of her countenance at those moments fully revealed to him the subject of her thoughts and wishes.

Still the happy forgetfulness of youth was hers. No sooner had she turned round the point of rock, and the cave came in view, with her pretty garden brilliant with flowers, and all the happy birds and animals which flew to meet her, than for a moment all remembrance of their banishment was forgotten, amid the thoughts of her pleasant home. She often now took excursions with her papa in her little carriage, while he walked by her side, and in this way became acquainted with many beautiful parts of the island which she had never seen before; but although those excursions were always looked forward to with impatience, and enjoyed with delight, yet they never now returned home without Leila

having asked many questions; which proved to Mr. Howard, that although still enjoying the beauties which surrounded her, she would gladly leave them all for that unknown land to which her young imagination so often wandered.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was some weeks after Mr. Howard's recovery, that one morning after the lessons were over, taking his gun, he left Leila for a couple of hours to cross the island in search of game.

It was a soft, relaxing day, with but partial gleams of sunshine, and Leila felt a sense of oppression at her heart, she knew not why.

After trying to interest herself for some time with her garden, she took her way to Clara's grave, and seating herself upon it, she recalled to mind all that had lately happened. "O Clara!" she murmured to herself, "how I would have loved you! and I may never see another little girl again; but I will not try to wish you back, for you are happier in heaven than you could be here. I have planted for you the brightest flowers, but you are gathering flowers with angels now—flowers that will never die. And have I not my dear papa with me?" she continued, "my dear, dear papa! Yes, God was very gracious to me; he recovered my papa; and now I will go and seat myself upon

the cliff till he returns, and look upon the sea. It is not wrong to wish that a ship should come, for he wishes that also, and he has raised the beacon now almost to the clouds."

Leila seated herself upon a projecting rock, and gazed earnestly on the sea. It lay before her quiet and still; there was no murmur from the waves, scarce a ripple upon the broad expanse of waters: all was silent around. She watched the sea-birds as they flew round in circles in the quiet air, then darting suddenly down, they would spread their broad wings and rear their white breasts on the still waters. Leila gazed long and anxiously, but no distant sail was visible; and she was just about to return with the hope of meeting her papa, when her attention was arrested by a dim speck upon the far distant sea. It was too small to be a ship, and it was black, very black. Leila thought of the white sails of their own gallant ship, and sighed deeply. She rose to go, but still she lingered; earnestly she gazed—a broad line of light stretched along upon the waters. "I will wait," she said; "if it move, it will pass into the light; it is entering it even now, and it is different, quite different. It is not dark now; it is a ship—I see it plainly." She flew along the cliff, and turned the point. On she ran with breathless speed, and entering the

cave, she exclaimed, "A ship! a ship, nurse! O come quickly! I cannot stay—I must go back to the cliff. But where is papa?—Papa, papa!" she shouted aloud, as she flew along and retraced her steps. But no answer was returned, and she stood alone upon a high point of rock which overhung the precipice, when poor nurse, breathless with haste and agitation, came in sight.

"O my dear child! come down, come down!" she exclaimed, "you will slip over the precipice—you will fall into the sea. But where is the ship? O show me the ship!" Leila pointed to the broad line of light, in the middle of which lay the vessel, as if asleep upon the waters. But poor nurse strained her eyes in vain. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "there is no ship, or I can discover none."

"There is, there is, nurse! I see it more plainly than ever. O that papa were here! What can we do—can we do nothing? O tell me what we would do—we could fire the beacon, could we not? Quick, quick, give me the tinder-box; I can run very fast, and you can follow."

She darted along the cliff, and, turning the point, she crossed the rivulet, and bounded like a young fawn up the side of the hill. In a few minutes she stood by the crackling fire, while a

dense body of smoke at times obscured her figure, and then rose majestically high into the upper air. A light breeze was now springing up, the fire kindled and blazed. She still stood alone; but suddenly a voice called, "Leila, Leila!" and Dash darting from a neighbouring thicket was followed by Mr. Howard, who stood in another moment by her side.

"The beacon fired! What means this, my child?"

"A ship—a ship, papa!"

"A ship, Leila! O, is it possible? Yes, yes, you are right." He continued to gaze earnestly through his telescope for some time in silence.

"It is coming nearer, papa—the sails are filling—how white, how beautiful! Is it coming nearer, papa?"

Mr. Howard did not answer.

"O speak to me—tell me—it does not seem quite so large now—is it coming nearer, papa?"

"No, my child, it is sailing from us."

She stood immovable: the expression of her countenance alarmed her father.

"Leila, my child, we must leave it with God; he rules in the deep waters—the sea is his, and he made it."

Leila threw herself into her papa's arms, and wept upon his breast.

“There is still a hope, dear child,” he whispered, “although it is but faint. The ship has tacked; when it tacks again, it may near the land. Let us go down to the beach.”

They proceeded as quickly as they could, accompanied by poor nurse, whom they met toiling up the hill. They reached the shore. Alas! the object of their anxious hope appeared now but a faint speck upon the distant waters. Leila gazed in silence, and struggled to subdue her emotion; her papa continued to look earnestly through his telescope. “Is there any hope, papa?” at length she softly whispered. Mr. Howard took the glass for a moment from his eye, and smiled upon Leila.

“Ah! you are smiling, papa; and now I know there is hope—has it tacked again—is it coming nearer? I think I see it more plainly now—I am sure I do.”

“Yes, Leila, you are right, the vessel has tacked again, and you do see it more plainly; still the event is uncertain. I will fire my musket now.”

Mr. Howard continued to fire at intervals. The vessel advanced steadily in the direction of the island. Once more its white sails were visible—and, O joyful sound, his signal was returned—a gun was fired from the ship. Mr.

Howard raised his eyes to heaven; Leila dropped upon her knees in silent prayer.

"And what is it you see now, papa?" she exclaimed, starting up after a few minutes' interval. "What are they doing now?"

"They are putting off a boat—I see men stepping into it."

The boat seemed to bound quickly through the glittering waters—nearer and nearer it advanced towards them—it touched the shore. A young officer leaped lightly upon the beach—Leila sprang forward and clasped his knees.

"From what planet have you dropped, fair child?" he exclaimed, as stooping down he threw back the bright ringlets which shaded her brow, and gazed earnestly upon her face.

Mr. Howard came forward; in a few words he explained to him their situation; his communication was listened to with the deepest interest; the warmest assurances were given that they would be received with every kindness on board the frigate. O what was it to him to feel that they might now see England once more! Already did he seem in imagination to touch the shores of that loved land, from which but a few hours before he had believed himself to be a hopeless exile.

The happy group advanced together towards

the cave. The young officer was delighted with the beauty of the whole scene; and when Leila's pets flocked around her, his assurance that as many as could be quickly secured would be received on board, took from her little heart its only sorrow. Was it possible that any thing could add to such happiness? Yes, it was still increased by the information, that he had a little girl on board the frigate, just her age, who would love her as a sister.

Leila was eager to place every refreshment the cave afforded before their welcome guest, and the table was quickly spread with fruit, milk, and rice-cakes of her own baking. He was delighted with every thing; he assured Leila he had never eaten such cakes before, and taking up one of them, and selecting a cluster of grapes, he asked her leave to take them back to his Louisa. "And now, sir," he said, "I must leave you for a time; I must inform my captain of his unexpected guests, but I will return for you in a couple of hours—can you be ready?"

Mr. Howard assured him that he could.

"I feel strangely unwilling to leave this charming place," he continued, turning again to Leila. "Suppose, my little lady, we were to allow the ship to sail away, and all to remain happy here together? Ah, I see you are shak-

ing your head; you do not approve of my plan. Well, then, up and be doing, fair lady. The clothes must be packed, the pets must be caught; no time for the grass to grow under your fairy feet. Adieu, adieu!" In a moment more he was gone.

In the scene of joyful bustle and preparation which succeeded, Leila at first had no time for reflection; but when she had given what assistance she could, and her most cherished pets were secured, and others set at liberty to wander at will over the island, with no affectionate mistress henceforth to care for them, the full tide of joy which at first had rushed upon her heart became somewhat of a mingled nature. She felt the moment was come when farewell must be said to her garden and her bees, and one last look be given to the fountain-tree. The hum of the bees was no longer to her a cheerful sound, the little rivulet seemed no more to flow sparkling and dimpling in the sunbeams; she listened to its quiet tune, it was melancholy music, and turning hastily away, she bent her steps to Clara's grave: here the emotions with which she had been struggling gave way to a burst of grief, and throwing herself upon the grassy mound, now covered with flowers, she exclaimed, "Clara, I must leave you—leave you—never to return again; but you are not

here, you are in heaven, and heaven is every where. Yes, Clara, you are God's own child, and shall I not be God's child too, if I love him always as I do now, and pray to him? He is sending me to England now; but when I sleep, you will come to me in my dream, and when he takes me to heaven, we shall be together, and never be sorrowful any more." She rose slowly, and gazed upon the scene around. The sun was sinking into the sea; its lingering beams seemed also to be bidding farewell to the beauties which surrounded her. "He will rise again," she murmured, "and make every thing seem glad, but I shall be far away." She stooped over a slender flower which was again opening into blossom; she had watched it bud and wither: its pale hue so lightly tinged with colour, had recalled to her the momentary flush in Clara's cheek, and she had called it Clara's flower. She now carefully gathered its opening blossoms, and put them into her breast. At that moment a slight rustling in the neighbouring thicket made her look up, and a little kid, in all the enjoyment of unaccustomed freedom, bounded to her side, and began to lick her hands: Leila threw her arms around it. "And you too I must leave," she said; "then let me feed you for the last time;" and gathering a little of the tender grass, she fed it from her

hand: then rising with one last look on Clara's grave she turned away; but the little kid insisted on following Leila's steps, and it was in vain she pushed it from her. "No," she continued at last, "I cannot part with you; surely there must be room for one more."

Scarcely had two hours passed away before their kind-hearted friend appeared again, followed by several of the sailors to give a helping hand to their preparations; and soon the boat with its precious cargo was dancing merrily on the tiny waves. Mr. Howard and Leila were too much agitated to speak; nurse wept and laughed by turns; while Dash and Selina, with the various birds and animals, expressed their satisfaction in their different ways, the parrot taking by far the greater part of the conversation upon herself, and repeatedly assuring her silent audience that she was a pretty creature.

It still appeared to Leila as but a dream, when she suddenly found herself lifted up the side of the ship, and placed upon the deck. A little girl stood there in eager expectation; she seemed another Clara, but not so pale. Leila sprang forward, and in a moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

I need not prolong my story. A petition that it might be the will of God to give them a

speedy and prosperous voyage, formed part of Mr. Howard's evening prayer. It was the petition of a pious and grateful heart, and it was fully granted.

THE END





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

WK RECD-LD-151
JUN 18 1997
JUN 16 1997

n L9-25m-8,'46(9852)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PZ6

T99 1 Tytler -
Leila.

University Of California, Los Angeles



L 007 551 448 9

PZ6

T99 1

